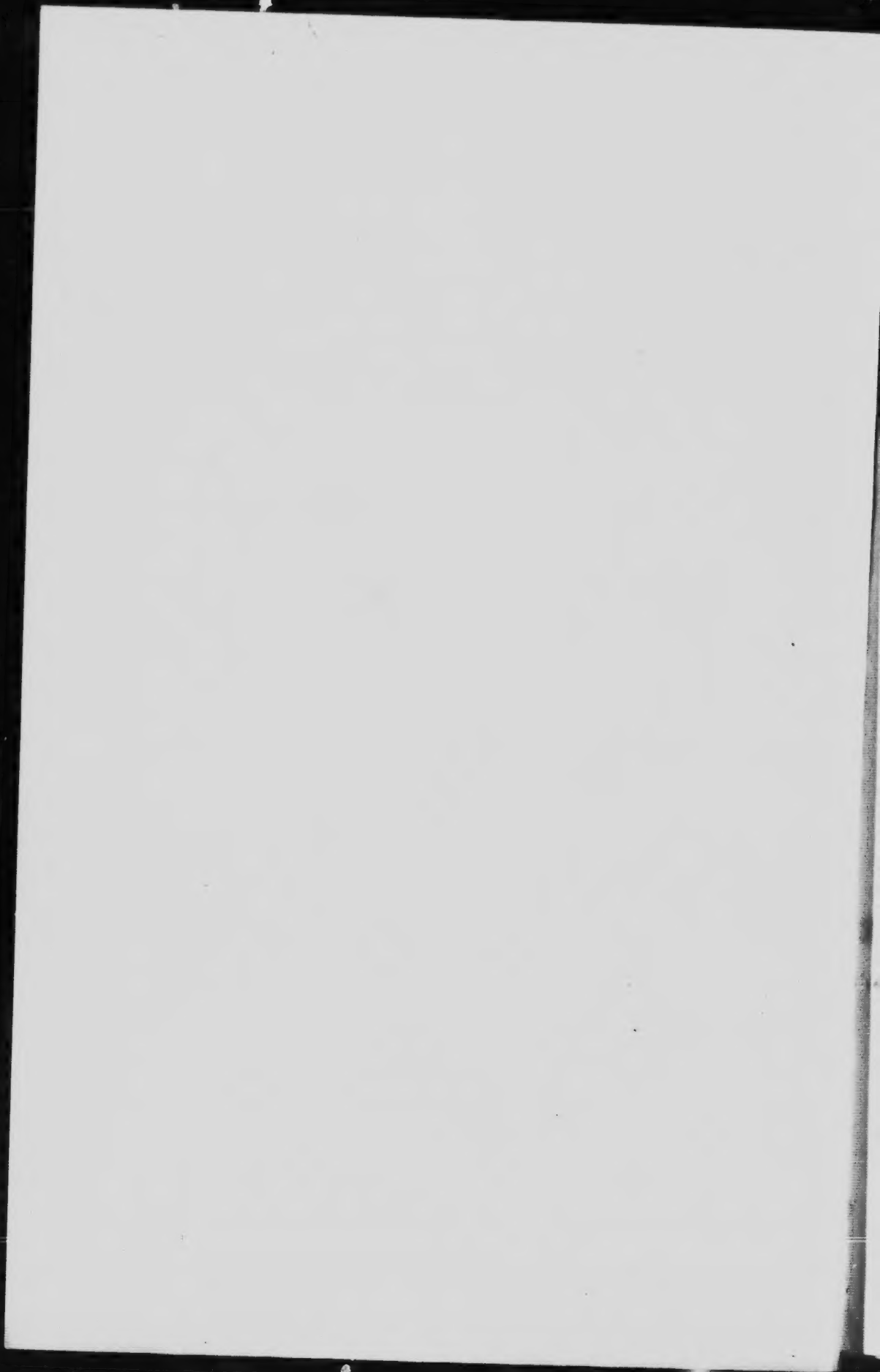


FATHER DOLLARD'S
POEMS



Casey Adams
J. Adams









Very truly yours,
James B. Holland

POEMS

REV. JAMES D. BALLARD

Part I. IRISH BALLADS AND POEMS

Part II. COLLECTION OF SONNETS

*Part III. MEMORIAL AND OCCASIONAL
POEMS*

PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY
OF CANADA

10 WELLINGTON SQUARE, E.C.4
TORONTO



Very truly yours
James B. Holland

POEMS

BY

REV^d JAMES B. DOLLARD

Part 1: IRISH BALLADS AND POEMS

Part 2: COLLECTION OF SONNETS

*Part 3: RELIGIOUS AND OCCASIONAL
POEMS*



PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY
OF CANADA

119 WELLINGTON STREET WEST
TORONTO

69563

Imprimatur:
Josias Patrick McEay.
Archdeacon, Toronto.

COPYRIGHT, CANADA, 1910, BY A. E. BURKE.

PREFACE

THE following is a careful selection of what I consider the best of my writings in verse, covering a period of eighteen or nineteen years. They do not make a very large collection for such a long time, but the reason is that they are simply products of leisure moments snatched here and there amidst the higher duties of the ministry of souls. The Irish ballads, though I consider them the most meritorious part of the volume, may not be as well appreciated and understood here in America as they are in the Old Land. There is a certain glamor of ancient days, a weird fairy-spell ever brooding there o'er the shadowy vales, the ruined castles, and the enchanted *raths*—the homes of the mysterious *Sidhe*—that is altogether wanting in this modern, hustling, matter-of-fact Western land. The Irish at home have always been a most spiritual people, and the Unseen Powers were ever as much present to them as the very elements of Nature. That is why they clung so firmly to the Ancient Church, preferring suffering and death with it, to riches and prosperity with the new order of things. But if in the hearts of Erin's exiles an olden chord is now and again thrilled, these ballads shall not have been written in vain. The religious poems in this book will, I hope, be appreciated by all Catholics who peruse them. They speak, as perfectly as the author could, of the momentous and saving beliefs which are our anchor on the stormy sea of existence here below, and of the beauty of God's Kingdom, which we all hope to enjoy when life's sad dream is o'er.

JAMES B. DOLLARD.

Toronto, Oct. 23rd, 1910.



PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

THE poems of Reverend Father Dollard require no commendation on our part. We have in the Society's mail every day, from the furthestmost points of this Continent, and from the Old Country, whose life they reflect so tenderly, letter after letter showing how highly these poems are regarded by our people. All critics of poesy in Canada and the United States acknowledge the gentle poet's mastery in the field of verse, and Canon Sheehan, Father Matthew Russell, editor of the *Irish Monthly*, and William O'Brien, in the Old Land, have frequently and joyfully proclaimed the poetic genius of their countryman. A demand has been persistently made upon us, ever since we commenced the publication of the gifted priest's poems and other literary productions, for their compilation in book form and submission to the public for sale. It has been our agreeable duty to yield to this demand. We have printed the most of these poems in *Register-Extension*, and are proud of having been the medium of their spread. We know that our readers have been charmed and benefited by them; and we fully believe that their inclusion has helped the paper to the place in public favor and literary repute, held by the *Boston Pilot* a generation ago, when it served as a sort of introductory academy for the writings in prose and poetry of almost every Catholic embarking on a career of letters. We shall be glad to

make *Register-Extension* a more and more recognized medium through which our best writers may make their bow to this American community; and, therefore, this first selection from Father Dollard's poems may be regarded as only the forerunner of a series which will, we hope, give persistent pleasure and uplift to our Catholic people. We trust, too, that the form in which they are printed and the choice which we have made from them, will meet with the favor of all our own and the poet's friends. They are published with the full approval of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, Father Dollard's Ordinary, who as well as being the originator and promotor of much that, in other ways, will redound to the permanent betterment of the Church in Canada, has ever found the time and evinced the disposition to patronize deserving Catholic writers.

A. E. BURKE.



CONTENTS

PART I.

IRISH BALLADS AND POEMS.

	PAGE
THE HAUNTED HAZEL	1
BY LIGHT OF THE MOON.....	3
OULD KILKINNY	4
AT DEAD O' THE NIGHT, ALANNA	5
BALLAD OF THE BANSHEE	7
THE PASSING OF THE SIDHE	8
LAMENT FOR CUCHULAIN	10
THE FAIRY HARPERS	11
SONG OF THE LITTLE VILLAGES	12
MAURYA BAWN	14
BRIDHEEN O'DRISCOLL	15
KILLAIKEN	17
WHEN THE CURRAGHS GO OUT TO SEA.....	18
THE SWEET RIVER SUIR	19
AT THE BACK OF GALTymore	21
WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS	22
THE SOUL OF KARNAGHAN BUIDHE	23
OSSORIE, A SONG OF LEINSTER	25
DILLON AND GALMOY	26
KILKENNY OF THE STREAMS	28
THE FAIRY RATH	29
MO PHEARLA AN Mhuir Mhor	30
MOURNE MOUNTAIN	32

	PAGE
AN PHIOBAIRE RUADH.....	33
KNOCK-AN-FAERIN	34
THE IRISH MOTHER	36
THE RED WALLS OF LIMERICK	37
THE FAIRY-STOLEN	39
THE EARLY CHRISTMAS MASS	40
THE FALLIN' O' THE RAIN	42
LAV-LAIDHIR ABU	44
THE VEIL OF THE VIRGIN MARY	46
MOIRIN NI MARA	48
CNOC-AULINN	49
THE BRIDGE OF BALLYTARSNEY	50
MOON-BHEG-DHOWN	53
THE PRIMROSE TIME	54
CHRISTMAS MORN IN IRELAND	55
ON KENMARE HEAD	56
THE CRUISE OF THE BLUE MAUREEN	58
THE HANGING OF MYLES LEHANE	64
TO W. B. YEATS	70
THE ARRAN ISLES	71
IN ERIN	72
THE SONS OF PATRICK	73
CELTIC LULLABY	74
THE ATONEMENT	75
THE ANCIENT TOWERS	75
CARADOC, THE WOLF	76
THE FALLEN TOWER	78
THE CONVENT BY THE SEA	80
THE VISION OF THE SOUL	81
THE DEATH OF OSCAR	82
THE MARCH OF THE ULTONIANS	84
OSSIAN'S COMPLAINT TO ST. PATRICK	85
THE HIGH KING	86

PART II.
SONNETS.

	PAGE
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH	95
THE MARCH OF TIME	96
THE PROFESSION	96
PHOENICIA	97
LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS	97
ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY	98
THE PAGEANT OF THE LORD	98
THE GAELIC TONGUE	99
CORPUS CHRISTI	99
THE BOOK OF KELLS	100
NIAGARA	100
JOHN KEATS	101
THE EASTER DAWN	101
THE CHAPEL CAR	102
KEDRON	102
THE VIRGIN IN HEAVEN	103
THE NEW ST. HELEN'S	103
JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN	104
THE GOOD SHEPHERD	104
TO ERIN'S SAINT	105
ST. PATRICK'S PRAYER	105
THE PRECIOUS BLOOD	106
THE PENTECOSTAL TRIUMPH	106
HIDDEN WORTH	107
LEAVING NAZARETH	107
LA BELLE FRANCE	108
THE MAGI	108
JOHN DE BREBEUF	109
CUCHULIN OF MURHEVNA	110
POPE PIUS X.	110
THE CAVE-MAN	111
JUXTA CRUCEM	111
IN ACADIE	111

PART III.

RELIGIOUS AND OCCASIONAL POEMS.

	PAGE
CHRISTMAS HYMN	115
NOCTURNE	116
MUTATION	117
OPEKA MANUUM HOMINUM	118
OUR LADY OF DOLOURS	118
THE ANGELUS	119
THE ASCENSION	119
THE APOCALYPSE	120
THE SEA OF GALILEE	121
IN NOCTE PLORANS	122
THE CONQUERORS	123
MADONNA DI SAN SISTO	123
CHRIST AND THE MAGDALENE	124
THE DOOM OF TYRE	125
MICHAEL ANGELO'S STATUE OF MOSES	126
BETHLEHEM TOWN	127
THE ANNUNCIATION	128
TO THE MADONNA	128
CHRIST IS BORN IN BETHLEHEM	129
ELEGY ON REV. WM. DOLLARD	131
TRUE MANHOOD	132
THE DEAD PRIEST	133
THE PASSING OF THE KNIGHTS.....	133
THE BALLAD OF SUDDEN DEATH	134
THE HOLY GRAIL	136
KING ARTHUR TO SIR BEDIVERE	137
LALEMENT	138
THE GRAVE OF THE LEAVES	139
THE DOOM OF HURONIA	139
NATURE'S BOOK	140
CHRISTMAS LYRIC	142
A LULLABY	143
SPIRIT VOICES	144
LAKES OF THE NORTH	145
THE NIAGARA GORGE	146
THE HYMN OF THE STARS OF MORNING	147

PART I

IRISH BALLADS

AND

POEMS



IRISH BALLADS AND POEMS

THE HAUNTED HAZEL.

Adown a quiet glen where the gowan-berries glisten
And the linnet, shyest bird of all, his wild note warbles
free;

Where the scented woodbine-blossoms, o'er the brook-
let, bend to listen,

There stands upon a mossy bank, a white-hazel tree.

Oh! fair it is to view, when the zephyr rustles lightly,
And warm sunlight glances back from polished bole
and branch;

For then like wavelets on a rill the pendent leaves flash
brightly,

And daisies nod in concert, round the column straight
and staunch.

But when the day is ended, and the solemn moon is
shining;

And shadows grim and ghostly, fall on grove and glen
and lea,

Then godless elves their fairy paths with glow-worm
lamps are lining,

And potent spells of magic bind this white-hazel tree!

For from their gorgeous palaces the fairy bands come
stealing,
To dance in sportive circles on the never bending
moss;
And the velvet-soft caressing of their finger-touches
healing,
Brings to the sere white-hazel bark again its youthful
gloss.

And round and round they skip and glide, in strange
fantastic measure,
To weird, unhallowed melodies of fairy minstrelsy,
Yet mortal ear may never hear those sounds of elfin
pleasure,
And no whisper of its secrets gives the white-hazel
tree!

But should the peasant wander nigh that baleful
bower, unthinking,
And sudden feel the chilling of the haunted hazel's
shade,
A nameless horror seizes on his spirit, bowed and
shrinking,
And making oft the Holy Sign, he hurries home dis-
mayed.

For maid that treads the path of doom beneath the
hazel's shadow,
Shall be the bride of Death, they say, before a month
has flown;
And laughing swain, in pride of strength, who crossed
at eve the meadow,
Shall moulder 'neath the matted moss, e'er yet that
mead is mown!

So, in the solemn hours of night the fairies dance un-
harméd,
Till thro' gray dawn the haggard moon her waning
span doth dree,
Then from the blessed sunbeam flies the evil power
that charmed,
And fairy spell is lifted from the white-hazel tree!

BY LIGHT OF THE MOON!

By light o' the moon at the gray cairn stone
A wondrous sight you'll see;
By light o' the moon when the Banshee's croon
Faint comes o'er moor and lea!
Weird cloud-shades hurry athwart the sky.
The drowsy glens are still,
And the march you'll see, of the Sluag-Sidhe*
By light o' the moon on the hill!

By light o' the moon you'll hearken soon,
Strange music throbbing sweet,
The harp-notes bold of the Bards of old
Your tranced ear shall greet!
For theirs are the plans of the mystic ranns
By the fairies filched away,
And they echo still on the moonlit hill
Where the elfin minstrels play.

By the light o' the moon, as the reed-pipes croon,
The fairy hosts are seen;
And gallant and gay is their proud array
With glint of shield and skian!

*Slua Shee—Fairy Army.

They wage once more, in mimic war,
 Fierce fights of the days long o'er,
 When the Finian sword by Erna's ford,
 The "ridge of battle" up-bore!

By the light o' moon at the gray cairn-stone
 The fairy minstrels weep,
 And the melting tone of their sorrow's moan
 The winds of Erin keep!
 They weep her Harpers dead and gone,
 Whose strains would haunt and thrill,
 They mourn and wail o'er the doom of the Gael,
 By the light o' the moon on the hill!

OULD KILKINNY.

I'm sick o' New York City an' the roarin' o' the thrains
 That rowl above the blessed roofs an' undernaith the
 dhraings!

Wid dust an' smoke an' divilmint I'm moidhered head
 an' brains!

An' I thinkin' o' the skies of ould Kilkinny!

Bad luck to Owen Morahan that sint the passage-note
 'Tis he's the cause, the omadhaun, I ever tuk the boat;
 'Tis he's the cause I'm weepin' here, a dhrayman on a
 float!

When I should be savin' hay in ould Kilkinny!

The sorra bit o' grassy field from morn till night I see,
 Nor e'er a lark or linnet-not to mind a weeshy bee!
 Och! an' honest Irish mountair now would lift the
 heart o' me!

Will I ever see the hills of ould Kilkinny?

The rattle on the pavemint-blocks is fit to make you
cry!

A hundhert snortin' carriages like fire an' brimstone
fly!

Tin thousand people tearin' wild, black sthrangers pass
me by!

An' to think I left me frinds in ould Kilkinny!

'Tis well me lovin' parents all are in their coffin-
shrouds,

'Twould break their hearts to see their boy half-
smothered in these crowds,

Wid buildin's all around that high they're berrid in
the clouds!

When the little cot would suit him in Kilkinny!

Bad luck to Owen Morahan, if I'd the passage back,

'Tis shortly I'd be home agin across the ocean thrack!

I'd not delay in Queenstown, an' I'd fly through Bally-
hack,

For to greet the neighbors kind in ould Kilkinny.

AT DEAD O' THE NIGHT, ALANNA.

At dead o' the night, alanna, I wake and see you there,
Your little head on the pillow, with tossed and tangled
hair;

I am your mother, acushla, and you are my heart's
own boy,

And wealth o' the world I'd barter to shield you from
annoy.

At dead o' the night, alanna, the heart o' the world is
still,
But sobbing o' fairy music comes down the haunted
hill;
The march o' the fairy armies troubles the peace o'
the air,
Blest angels shelter my darling for power of a mother's
pray'r!

At dead o' the night, alanna, the sleepless Banshee
moans,
Wailing for sin and sorrow, by the Cairn's crumbling
stones,
At dead o' the night, alanna, I ask of our God above,
To shield you from sin and sorrow, and cherish you in
His love.

At dead o' the night, alanna, I wonder o'er and o'er,
Shall you part from our holy Ireland, to die on a
stranger shore?
You'll break my heart in the leaving like many a
mother I know—
Just God look down upon Erin and lift her at last from
woe!

At dead o' the night, alanna, I see you in future years,
Grand in your strength, and noble, facing the wide
world fears;
Though down in the mossy churchyard my bones be
under the sod,
My spirit shall watch you, darling, till you come to
your rest in God!

BALLAD OF THE BANSHEE.

Back thro' the hills I hurried home
Ever my boding soul would say:—
"Mother and sister bid thee come,
Long, too long has been thy stay."

Stars shone out, but the moon was pale,
Touched by a black cloud's ragged rim,
Sudden I heard the Banshee's wail
Where Malmor's war-tower rises grim!

Quickly I strode across the slope,
Passed the grove and the Fairy Mound
(Gloomy the moat where blind owls mope)
Scarcely breathing, I glanced around!

Mother of mercy! there she sat,
A woman clad in a snow-white shroud,
Streamed her hair to the damp moss-mat
White the face on her bosom bowed!

"Spirit of Woe," I eager cried,
"Tell me none that I love has gone,
"Cold is the grave": my accents died—
The Banshee lifted her face so wan.

Pale and wan as the waning moon,
Seen when the sun-spears herald dawn!
Ceased all sudden her dreary croon
Full on my own her wild eyes shone!

Burned and seared my inmost soul
 (When shall sorrow depart from me?)
 Black-winged terror upon me stole
 Blindly gaping, I turned to flee!

Back by the grove and haunted mound,
 O'er the lone road I know not how.
 Harkened afar my baying hound
 Home at last at the low hill's brow!

Lone the cottage—the door flung wide,
 Four lights burned—oh, sight of dread!
 Breathing a prayer, I rushed inside,
 "Mercy, God!" 'twas my mother, dead!

Dead and white as the fallen leaf,
 (Kneeling, my sister prayed near by).
 Wild as I wrestled with my grief,
 Far and faint came the Banshee's cry!

THE PASSING OF THE SIDHE.

There is weeping on Cnoc-Aulin, and on hoary
 Slievenamon,
 There's a weary wind careering over haggard Knock-
 naree,
 By the broken Mound of Almhin
 Sad as death the voices calling,
 Calling ever, wailing ever, for the passing of the Sidhe.
 Where the hunting-call of Ossian waked the woods of
 Glen-na-mar;
 Where the Fianna's hoarse cheering silenced noisy
 Assaroe;

Like the homing swallows meeting—
Like a beaten host retreating—
Hear them sobbing as they hurry from the hills they
used to know.

There's a haunted hazel standing on a grim and gloomy
scaur,
Tossing ceaselessly its branches, like a keener o'er the
dead;
Deep around it press the masses
Of the Sluagh-Sidhe* that passes
To the moan of fairy-music timing well their muffled
tread.

Came a wail of mortal anguish o'er the night-en-
shrouded sea,
Sudden death o'ertook the aged, while the infant cried
in fear,
And the dreamers on their pillows
Heard the beat of bursting billows,
And the rumble and the rhythm of an army passing
near!

They have left the unbelieving—past and gone their
gentle sway,
Lonely now the rath enchanted, eerie glen, and wild
crannoge,
But the sad winds unforgetting
Call them back with poignant fretting,
Snatching songs of elfin sorrow from the streams of
Tir-na-n'Og!

*Pronounced Slua Shee—The Fairy Army.

LAMENT FOR CUCHULAIN

Grief of my heart! what woes befall
Sad Murhevna! Sad Murhevna!
O'er prostrate Eiré hangs a pall
Sad Murhevna, O!
In Cuailgne's valleys wail the Sidhe
The sun is dimmed o'er Knoc-na-righ
Ulidia's noblest—dead is he!
Sad Murhevna, O!

Glory of great Cuhoolin's name!
Sad Murhevna! Sad Murhevna!
Dearer than life his cloudless fame
Sad Murhevna, O!
Mighty his hand that death-blows gave
By Brugh-na-Boinné's shuddering wave
When Ferdia found a crimson grave
Sad Murhevna, O!

Fair as the moon were Emer's eyes,
Sad Murhevna! Sad Murhevna!
Now is her portion moans and sighs,
Sad Murhevna, O!
Doomed to a living death is she,
In rayless sorrow her days to dree,
Her burning tears as the bitter sea;
Sad Murhevna, O!

A gaunt hag washed by the river shore,
Sad Murhevna! Sad Murhevna!
Wringing dread garments dripping gore,
Sad Murhevna, O!

Cuhoolin drank from a torrent's bed
And sudden the waters changed blood-red!
"Near is my end of life," he said,
Sad Murhevna, O!

Gaping with wounds your warrior lies,
Sad Murhevna! Sad Murhevna!
The "Hero-Light" from his forehead dies,
Sad Murhevna, O!
Dark Lugh's spear-cast has ended all,
No more he'll thrill at the battle's call;
But rise, fierce Conall, and 'venge his fall!
Sad Murhevna, O!

THE FAIRY HARPERS.

As I walked the heights of Meelin on a tranquil autumn
day,
The fairy host came stealing o'er the distant moorland
gray.
I heard like sweet bells ringing,
Or a grove of linnets singing,
And the haunting, wailful music that the Fairy Har-
pers play!

Like thunder of deep waters when vast-heaving billows
break,
Like soughing of the forest when ten thousand
branches shake,
Like moaning of the wind,
When the night falls bleak and blind,
So wild and weird the melodies the fairy minstrels
make.

The sunbeams fleck'd the valley, and the cloud-shades
ranged the hill,

The thistle-down scarce drifted in the air so calm and
still.

But along the slopes of Meelin
Came the ghostly music pealing,
With sad and fitful cadences that set my soul a-thrill!

Then wan and wistful grew the sky o'er Meelin's sum-
mit lone,
And weeping for the days gone by, my heart grew cold
as stone,

For I heard loved voices calling
Beyond the sunlight falling
On Meelin's mournful mountain where the magic
Harps make moan!

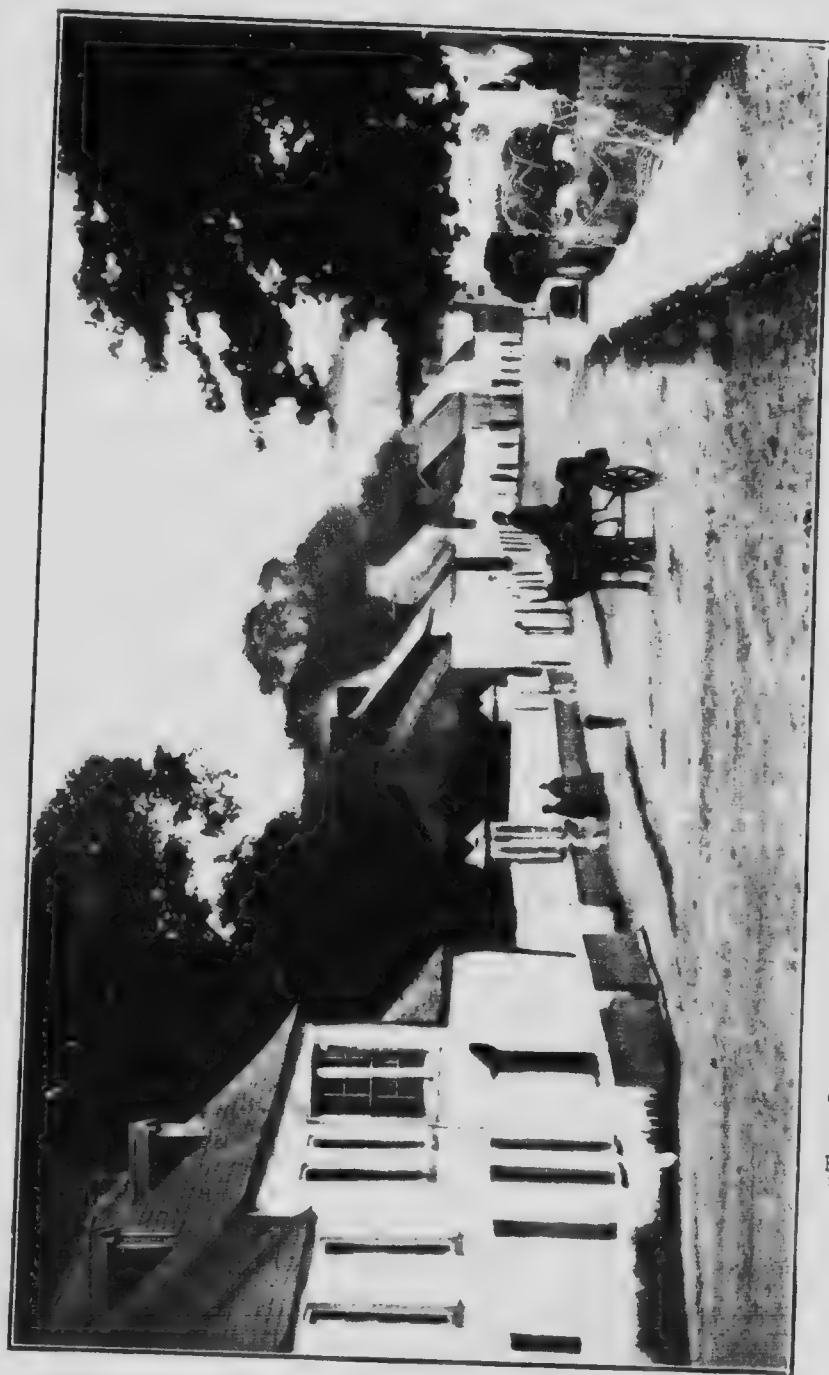
*SONG OF THE LITTLE VILLAGES.**

The pleasant little villages that grace the Irish glynns
Down among the wheat-fields—up amid the whins,
The little white-walled villages crowding close together,
Clinging to the Old Sod in spite of wind and weather:

Ballytarsney, Ballymore, Ballyboden, Boyle,
Ballingarry, Ballymagorry by the Banks of Foyle,
Ballylaneen, Ballyporeen, Bansha, Ballysadare,
Ballybrack, Ballinalack, Barna, Ballyclare.

The cosy little villages that shelter from the mist,
Where the great West Walls by ocean-spray are kissed;
The happy little villages that cuddle in the sun
When blackberries ripen and the harvest work is done.

*All the names are genuine.



"THE LITTLE WHITE-WALLED VILLAGES CROWDING CLOSE TOGETHER."
A line from the "Song of the Little Villages."

— See page 12.



Corrymeela, Croaghmakeela, Clogher, Cahirciveen,
Cappaharoe, Carrigaloe, Cashel and Coosheen,
Castlefinn and Carrigtohill, Crumlin, Clara, Clane,
Carrigaholt, Carrigaline, CloghJordan and Coolrain.

The dreamy little villages, where by the fires at night,
Old Shanachies with ghostly tale the boldest hearts
affright;

The crooning of the wind-blast is the wailing Banshee's
cry.

And when the silver hazels stir they say the fairies sigh.

Kilfenora, Kilfinnane, Kinnity, Killylea,

Kilmoganny, Kiltamagh, Kilronan and Kilrea,

Killashandra, Kilmacow, Killiney, Killashee,

Killenaule, Killmyshall, Killorglin and Killeagh.

Leave the little villages, o'er the black seas go,
Learn the stranger's welcome, learn the exile's woe,
Leave the little villages, but think not to forget
Afar they'll rise before your eyes to rack your bosoms
yet.

Moneymore, Moneygall, Monivea and Moyne,

Mullinahone, Mullinavatt, Mullagh and Mooncoin,

Shanagolden, Shanballymore, Stranorlar and Slane,

Toberaheena, Toomyvara, Tempo and Strabane.

On the Southern Llanos,—north where strange light
gleams,

Many a yearning exile sees them in his dreams;

Dying voices murmur (passed all pain and care),

"Lo the little villages, God has heard our prayer."

Lisdoonvarna, Lissadil, Lisdargan, Lisnaskea,
Portglenone, Portarlinton, Portumna, Portmagee,
Clondalkin and Clongowan, Cloondara and Clonae,
God bless the little villages and guard them night
and day!

MAURYA BAWN.

Wake up, wake up, alanna, Maurya Bawn, Maurya
Bawn!
(Hush! do not weep, acushla, in the dawn!)
Your father must be goin' from the place he called
his own,
For his lordship wants the houldin, Maurya Bawn!
Your mother's dead an' berrid, Maurya Bawn, Maurya
Bawn!
(Ah! do not weep, *mo cailin*, in the dawn!)
God's holy Hand is in it—sure the Home she has this
minnet
Ne'er a landlord can be stealin, Maurya Bawn!
The hearth is cowl'd an' dreary, Maurya Bawn, Maurya
Bawn!
(Asthoreen, like our hearts are, in the dawn!)
'Tis you an' me to-morrow, on the stony roads o'
sorrow,
Come an' kiss me, in my throuble, Maurya Bawn!
Rise up, rise up, alanna, Maurya Bawn, Maurya
Bawn!
(Mavourneen, dry those tear-drops—'tis the dawn!)
Brush back the shiny hair from your little forehead—
there!
An' we'll face the world together, Maurya Bawn!

BRIDHEEN O'DRISCOLL.

Little Bridheen O'Driscoll, with hair like beams o' the
sun,
An' eyes that shone like Suir, an' smiled till your heart
was won.
Moondharrig was never the same since *they* took the
child away—
Och! where was the Blessed Mother that dark an'
sorrowful day!
Wild was the grief in Moondharrig—our hearts grew
heavy as stone,
When came the white-faced neighbors an' made the
tidings known.
They found her dead on the hillside, an' knew the
Sidhe were there,
By rustling o' silver hazels in stillness o' the air!
The breath o' the winter is gone, an' the sun is hot in
the sky,
The innocent daisies smiling, the primrose peeping shy,
But the wee girleen that loved them, recks light o' their
beauty now—
A Fairy Queen *they've* crowned her on Knockshee-
gowna's brow.
It broke the heart o' her mother—she's dead this many
a day;
The grass an' the holy shamrocks have covered her
woes away.
Asthrú! 'tis black with the world—her father's mind
is gone!
He says that she meets him nightly in shadow o'-
Slievenamon!

That day—but 'tis well I mind me! poor Bridheen
strayed alone,

Far up from the sleepy village to the haunted Cairn
Stone.

'Twas all in the blessed Maytime, so lonesomelike and
still,

An' she saw not the wild *Shce-Gecha** move down
Moondhega Hill.

She looked from the fairy cairn to the dim hills far
away.

The dreamy sun was gleaming on distant Moyra's
Bay;

In Gortan's shadowy woodlands she saw the swift
red-deer,

But never the dread *Shce-Gecha* that swifter glided
near!

Mo nuar!† for the bleeding dove borne high in the
eagle's beak!

Mo nuar! when the gaunt wolf leaps on the lambkin
lorn an' weak!

But darker was Bridheen's doom that terrible hour
an' day,

The elfin armies snatched her to Knocksheegowna
gray!

Her father says she meets him in shadow o'Slievena-
mon!

Who knows but the truth he's talking—his head poor
man, is gone!

**Shce-Gecha*—The Fairy-wind.

†*Mo nuar*—My sorrow.

Moondharrig is never the same since *they* took the
child away.

Och! where was the Blessed Mother that black an'
sorrowful day!

KILLAIDEN.

It's here in ould Killaiden that I'd joyful live forever,
Though I've been here eighty summers, I'm not
wairy of it yet,

An' the little white-washed cabin I'll be laivin' of it
never,

For it's like the world over you might seek an'
never get!

The people do be sayin' foreign lands are grand to see,
'The busy streets o' London and the bridges o' New
York—

What a fool they think ould Shemus!—sure the fairies
come to me

An' show me sights an' wondhers that make nothin'
o' their talk!

Up here in ould Killaiden sure it's me that has the
view!

The five broad counties I can see on any day at all!
Kilkinny, Carlow, Watherford, Tipprary's mountains
blue!

An' Wexford where in ninety-eight the Sassenach
got a fall!

Now whisper till I tell ye—where in all the world over
Would ye see the fields so pleasant or the heather
bloom so sweet?

And where could ye be baitin' the grand smell o' gorse
an' clover,

Or the singin' o' the lark that laives the shamrocks
at your feet?

Och! the silly folks that wandher, and go off beyant
the wather,

Sure to hear 'em comin' home you'd think 'em mil-
lionaires or jukes!

But I tell them "I'm no omadhaun to heed your impty
blather,

And Killaiden's beauty bothers all was ever put in
books!"

WHEN THE CURRACHS GO OUT TO SEA.

I'm sittin' alone in my cabin, an' tellin' the holy beads;
I hear the fishers callin' an' the wind among the reeds,
Cowld is my heart an' throubled—I miss you *stoir*
machree

As I watch through the little window the currachs go
out to sea!

The day that you went, my Dermot, the laugh was
light in your eye,

When you said, "God bless you, mother, sure 't isn't a
long good-bye."

An' I was proud o' you, Dermot, as proud as mother
could be,

With you callin' back, o'er the wather's thrack, when
the currachs wint out to sea!

But wild were the cliffs of Arran with the ravin' winds
 That night,
An' broken the hearts in Arran, that felt the breakers'
 might!
An' in the dim gray dawnin' a woeful sight were we;
The mothers that keened and sorrowed for the cur-
 rachs lost at sea!

Dark clouds fell heavy on Arran—the salt mist dripped
 like tears!
Hush! there—'tis the Banshee's wailin' I hear thro'
 the cruel years!
I heard him callin', callin', "O mother, pray for me!"
I'm not meself at the mornin' when currachs go out to
 sea!

It's down to the little chapel I go when my grief is
 sore,
An' tell my burden o' sorrow to Jesus o'er an' o'er,
An' He answers, "Child, be patient—long years are
 days to me,
There is joy for the hearts that mourn, when the cur-
 rachs come home from sea."

THE SWEET RIVER SUIR.

[". . . . The gentle Shure that making way by
sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford."—Spencer's *Faerie*
Queen, Book IV., Canto XI.]

From Devil's Bit to Thurles, from Golden unto Cahir,
By castle-crowned Ardfinan running pure,
Past Carrick and Kilsheelan, ever sparkling, ever
 wheeling
Flow the waters of the sweet river Suir.

The Galtees and Slieveardagh send their torrents to
its flood,

Bright Anner comes from storied Sliav-na-mon,
The sunshine and the shadows follow fast across the
meadows

Till the dews o' the morn are gone.

By the rich flowery fields of the pleasant Golden Vale
By broken Norman tower and hamlet white,
The whisperings of the Suir, saddest bosom would
allure

When its glad waters dance in the light.

The winds croon and sob thro' ruined abbey walls,
Weird music echoes from the fairy-mound;
And the sad, mystic rhymes of long-forgotten times
In the murmur of the Suir resound!

In cool, sheltered glens where glossy hazels nod
The wild linnet thrills a joyful lay,
The thrush and blackbird singing, sweetest melodies
are flinging
Thro' brier-scented groves all day!

Ah! fair is Killarney where the smile of God is seen,
And dear to me thy woodlands Glenmalure
But when this life is ended, and cold earth with earth
is blended,
Let me rest by the sweet river Suir!

AT THE BACK O' GALTYSMORE.

There's a peaceful little village at the back o' Galty
Mountain,

Where in blithe an' merry springtime thrush an'
linnet sing all day!

Where the wild primroses cluster an' the blue-bells
past all countin',

An' the hawthorns veiled in blossom for the bridal o'
the May!

From the fevered city flyin', from the strife of men
together,

Oft I seek this quiet village when my heart is sad
an' sore,

An' the mountain's holy silence, an' the fragrance o'
the heather,

Are my healing balm o' Gilead at the back o' Galty-
more!

Such a happy little village with its kindly folk an'
witty,

Tho' they never saw the city, nor the harbor, nor
the sea!

An' when at them I do wonder, "Sure," they say, "'tis
little pity;

Isn't Ireland all around us an' God's mountains
soarin' free?

We could never love the city where the very skies are
darkened,

Nor the cruel, wicked ocean bringin' trouble o'er an'
o'er."

Such the foolish-seeming answer, yet I muttered as I
hearkened,

"They are wiser than their betters, at the back o'
Galtysmore."

For how oft in bitter failure dies the city's high endeavor,
As the call of human anguish pierces upward to the skies,
From the crowded marts an' by-ways, where the grace o' God is never,
An' the mists o' sin an' sorrow ever linger, never rise!
While the shrinking spirit shudders at the menace o' the ocean,
With its *Ullagon* of exiles, risin', fallin' evermore,
Ah! how blessed is their portion, who can fly the world's commotion,
In that cozy little village at the back o' Galtymore.

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS.

I'm leaving of Kilronan,
An' I'm goin' ten mile away,
To the back of Nephin mountain,
Where the gentle rivers play;
I must flee the wicked ocean
That has caused my woe of woes,
For its cryin' waves they rack me
When the west wind blows.

'Tis torture of a mother
When her treasured ones are lost,
An' she sees the bitter water
Where their cold limbs are tossed!
Oh, black the hour they sailed away
The angry clouds arose,
An' their bed is hard an' troubled
Where the west wind blows!

I heard the Banshee wailin',
An' woke in heavy fright;
I said, "My Neil and Moran,
Oh, go not out to-night.
For I heard the Banshee cryin'
Where the haunted hazel grows,
An' 'tis evil sound, her keenin'
When the west wind blows!"

My gold-haired Moran kissed me,
(Oh! bleeding heart so sore!)
"'Tis back we'll be at mornin',
With a brimming boat galore—
'Tis home we'll come at mornin',
When the full tide flows."
Ah! his words are with me ever
While the west wind blows.

I'm leavin' of Kilronan,
An' the ocean's wicked waves,
My keenest woe that never
I may kneel o'er their graves;
But I'll pray to God, our Father,
He will grant their souls repose;
He will ease my bitter sorrow,
While the west wind blows!

THE SOUL OF KARNAGHAN BUIDHE.

(An Irish Folk Lore Ballad.)

It was the soul of Karnaghan Buidhe
Left his lips with a groan.
Like arrowy lightning bolt released
It sprang to the Judgment throne.

Spoke the Judge: "For as many years
As the numbered drops of the sea
I grant you heaven—but thenceforth hell,
Your bitter lot shall be."

Prayed the soul of Karnaghan Buidhe:
(*The trembling soul of Karnaghan Buidhe*)
"Dear Lord, who died on Calvary,
Too brief that span of heaven for me."

Then spoke the Lord: "For as many years
As numbered sands on the shore,
The joys of heaven I give—but thence
You'll see my face no more."

Pleaded the soul of Karnaghan Buidhe
(*The shuddering soul of Karnaghan Buidhe*)
"Blessed Lord, who died on the shameful tree,
Too brief that span of heaven for me."

Once more, the Judge: "The blades of grass
That earth-winds ever blew
A year of heaven I'll count for each
Till hell shall yawn for you."

Prayed the soul of Karnaghan Buidhe
(*The anguished soul of Karnaghan Buidhe*)
"Kind Lord, who died in agony,
Too brief that spell of heaven for me."

"But this I ask, O Christ—a year
Of hell for each of these:

The blades of grass, the grains of sand,
The drops that make the seas!
And after this, sweet Lord, with Thee
In heaven for all eternity!"

Spoke the Judge, and His smile of love
Gladdened the waiting choirs above:
"Sin and sorrow forever past,
Heaven I grant you, first and last!"

OSSORIE, A SONG OF LEINSTER.

Ossorie! O Ossorie!
Dear thy name and fame to me;
Nore and Suir, flowing free,
Thy praises murmur, Ossorie!

From Borris to Corlody's strand
Green-girt thy white-walled hamlets stand—
Dark Michael* from his grave must see
The sun that beams o'er Ossorie!

Ossorie! O Ossorie!
Mac Giolla Kieran wrought for thee,
Ten thousand heroes fought for thee,
Thy name their slogan, Ossorie!

In each deep glen and dewy vale
Still lives the spirit of the Gael:
Bold hearts that burn to set thee free
And end thy sorrows, Ossorie.

*Meehul Dhuhb MacGiolla Kieran, an illustrious prince of Ossory.

Ossorie! O Ossorie!
 Sad and bitter life they dree,
 Thy hapless sons that exiled be,
 Yet hear thy calling, Ossorie.

Oh! groves of music swelling far;
 Soft slopes that myriad daisies star;
 Wild bees that range the murmurous lea—
 So sweet thy memories, Ossorie!

Ossorie! O Ossorie!
 Where shimmering Suir seeks the sea
 By those loved banks my grave shall be
 Embow'r'd in flow'ry Ossorie.

DILLON AND GALMOY.

[*A Brigade Ballad—Time, 1746.*]

[The regiments raised by Theobald, Lord Viscount Dillon, and Butler, Lord Galmoy, were among the most distinguished of those that went to make up the Irish Brigade in the service of France.

The Brigade served the French King from 1691 to 1791, and took part in innumerable battles, sieges and encounters. Constant recruiting was kept up in Ireland, mostly by Irish officers in the French pay.]

Wool-smuggling Jacque's in port again;—
 With strange yet courtly grace
 He's changing wool for a silken spool,
 Or a length of Brussels lace;—
 But 'ware! oh, 'ware! my gentles all!
 You breed him no annoy,—
 For his name is Burke, and his sword saw work
 With Dillon and Galmoy!

*In Italy and sunny Spain they dared the battle's fate,
At Urgel and Palámos and Barcelona's gate,
From Capri to Vittoria, from Brisach to Quesnoy,
Their right the front, and their joy the brunt—
Famed Dillon and Galmoy!*

Wool-smuggling Jacque's abroad again,
His touch for wool is keen,
But he breaks the truth to each sturdy youth
That shows a martial mien:—
"It's come to the wars with me, my lad,
And feel a soldier's joy,
When columns reel, 'neath the reddened steel
Of Dillon and Galmoy!"

Wool-smuggling Jacques goes sailing back,
And sings a chanson gay,
But many a wife and mother weeps
To lose her love for aye.
The restive Wild Geese* throng his deck,
Strong man and beardless boy;
Their hearts leap out to the charge and rout,
With Dillon and Galmoy!

*At Ostalric and Briançon their way was marked with
flame,
Vercelli and Verrua's walls re-echo loud their fame!
The star that at Cremona rose, blazed red at Fontenoy,
When their ancient hate fed satiate,
Fierce Dillon and Galmoy.*

*The periodical enlistments were called "The Flight of the Wild Geese."

KILKENNY OF THE STREAMS.

"Now whither, merry minstrel, thro' the sun and thro'
the rain?"

(Where hurrying, O minstrel of my dreams?)"

"I am hasting with the Spring where the linnets
sweetest sing—

In my own fair Kilkenny of the Streams.

"Long my journey to Ivéra, and to Lim'rick of the
Ships,

By the salt sea from Killiney to Glandore,
And I piped a gleeful tune to the dancers 'neath the
moon,

By the banks of the famed Amhan Mhor.

"Kind the greetings all thro' Ormonde, and by Cashel
of the Kings,

Where wide and rich the Golden Valley teems,
And welcome glad they gave by the Shannon's shining
wave,

But I longed for Kilkenny of the Streams.

"From Nenagh to Cluanmeala flow the waters of the
Suir

(Oh, many a happy hamlet sleeps between!)

By night and by the day sings the river on its way
To the fields of Iverk spreading green.

"Oh, primroses are blooming, and the hedges white
again,

And warm over all the sunlight beams,
Soft breezes call to me from my native Ossorie,
'Come you back to Kilkenny of the Streams.'

"A chat at old Kilsheelan, and a pipe at Carrick-Beg,
A glass with Meehul More at Slieve-na-mon,
Then quick upon my way, and ere the breaking day
Lo! Kilkenny in the gold-misty dawn!

"By the Rath of Glen-na-sulish I will play a fairy reel,
The wee folk to awaken from their dreams,
The piper, Shemus Gar, they will welcome from afar
To his own bright Kilkenny of the Streams."

THE FAIRY RATH.

Fragrant the crowning of the Fairy Rath so green!
Sloe-tree and quicken, and the thorn-brier keen,
Sweet the blossom-odor blown far away
Thro' long, dreamy stretches of the summer day.

The thorn and the blossom, they are left all alone,
And but the shy birdlings make them their own,
For on the Fairy Rath not a human foot has been,
And the red, ripe berries drop down unseen.

Could you see, could you see where the fairies sleep
below

On their couches of gold, while a thousand lanthorns
glow!

Could you see, could you see, all the happy Fairy Land
Its silver-running streams and its palace-towers grand!

You'd never, never guess, in the warm mid-day sun
A thousand thousand people all sleep beneath the *dun*
While the loud-singing mowers make the waving
meadows bare,

And the thistle-seeds are whirling in the life-laden air.

You'd never, never guess when the night is here at last,
 And yellow-shining moonlight o'er hill and glen is cast
 A mystic portal opens and the people leave their trance
 To circle o'er the mountains in the wild fairy dance.

But stand you on the Haunted *Dun* if heart and will be
 stout,
 When midnight's winds are moaning and the white
 moon peering out,
 And bring me back the story, if your lips remain un-
 sealed,
 Of the nightly spirit-revels on the Fairy Rath revealed.

And catch some fleeting echo of the fitful *Keol Shee*,
 The music of the fairy bands that wind across the lea,
 Oh, all too short your days shall be, to make the
 wonders known
 When silver dawn-spears threaten, and the Rath calls
 back its own.

MO PHEARLA AN MHUIR MHOR.*

[Air: "Savourneen Deelish."]

Sweet Isle of my dreaming, my Pearl of the Ocean,
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!
 I hail thee afar, O my queen of devotion,
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!
 Glorious thy story on history's pages,
 Peerless thy bright roll of saints and of sages,
 Shining thy star through the wrack of the ages,
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!

*Pronounced *Mo fearla an wir wore*—i.e., my pearl of the great seas.

Lift up thy dear head, O sad bride of sorrow,
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!
The night mists shall shimmer in sunshine to-morrow,
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!
Face the proud nations, the noblest appearing,
Scornful thy glance to the dull world's jeering,
Soon shalt thou reign, for thy Day-Star is nearing,
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!

Dare they despise thee—thy Past speaks its story
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!
High Almhuin and Tara resplendent in glory,
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!
Bold were thy sons to the war-field advancing
Tyr Owen and Red Hugh 'mid the grim battle
prancing,
Their thick-crowding spears to the fierce onset dancing
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!

Ring out, O my *Clairseach*, the morn light is gleaming,
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!
The champions of Banba awake from their dreaming
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!
Theirs the glad duty to shield and defend her,
Fronting the foes that would trample and rend her—
She *shall* be free and no nation transcend her,
Mo Phearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Eirinn O!

MOURNE MOUNTAIN.

The slopes o' Mourne Mountain in the misty sun all
day!

The slopes o' Mourne Mountain ever calling me away!
Gold-blossomed gorse and heather ring the stern rocks
so bare,

And I know the kindly fairies have their home up
there.

It is a weary distance or I'd foot it every rod,
Thro' fallow and by tillage fields where rustling har-
vests nod;

I'd never tell the reapers, for my way they'd surely bar,
To keep me from the mountain where the fairies are.

Do they know I hear 'em calling when the wind blows
down

The little silvery voices from the uplands brown,
And all the night they're signalling with many a tiny
star

Upon the heights of Mourne where the fairies are.

I'd ford the Morna River, and I'd skirt the Woods of
Croom,

I'd mark me with the cross of Christ where Shour-
nagh's turrets loom;

The wild banshee might cry to me—I'd heed her not
at all,

But follow on to Mourne where the fairies call.

'Tis Seamus Dhu, the piper, that has travelled far and
near,

He's off in Breffny and Tyrone for nigh on half the
year;

He goes across the mountains thro' the yellow hazy
 sun
 To see the fairies marshalled at the haunted *dun*.
 He's listened when their music floated faintly down
 the glen,
 The eerie tunes the fairies piped, he piped to me again,
 Till I heard them whisper 'round me—for I know their
 voices well,
 The *Sluag Sidhe* from Mourne where the fairies dwell.
 The slopes o' Mourne Mountain 'tis my woe they're far
 away—
 My grief that I'm a *cailin* small, or there I'd walk
 to-day;
 It's there I'd walk, nor ever balk to count the journey
 far,
 The happy road to Mourne where the fairies are.

AN PHIOLBAIRE RUADH.

I saw the tall Red Piper go
 Along the white road wandering slow,
 Where'er his will, and the wild winds blow,
 Over the hills in Kilkenny!
 And this was the word the Piper said:
 "I ask no man for shelter or bed,
 The Lord will provide me with drink and bread,
 Who feeds the birds in Kilkenny!"
 Over the hills in the cloudy dawn,
 Heavy with scent of the *draighean ban*,
 While Fairy Harpers from Slieve-na-man
 Lull drowsy souls in Kilkenny!

And this was the wanderer's ceaseless song:
"The roads run far and the day is long,
God's angels are with him, bright and strong,
Who walks the hills of Kilkenny!"

The moon hangs low, 'tis a fearsome hour,
The Piper passes yon haunted tower!
The demon is nigh,—but faint his power,
To hurt or blight in Kilkenny!

And ever the blithe Red Piper sings:
"The dark is throbbing with angels' wings,
While Mary, Mother, her mantle flings
To shield the homes of Kilkenny!"

KNOCK-AN-FAERIN.

Oh, 'tis back to Knock-an-Faerin that my longing
heart would go,
To hear the wild wind singing and the breezes sobbing
low.

I'm weary of the valleys; and the sunny hills aglow
Call me back to Knock-an-Faerin where the heather
blossoms grow.

I came to Kil-mac-Owen here to seek for work and
bread;

I tried to drive the thought of home and neighbours
from my head;

The Master and the Missus, kind and gen'rous are, I
know,

But I miss the windy mountains where the heather-
blossoms grow.

Oh! 'tis up in Knock-an-Faerin that the *ceannabhan* is
fair,
And primroses with sweetest breath are scenting all
the air;
The mountain rills are leaping down all flashing as
they flow
From pleasant Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-
blossoms grow.

To see the clouds come rolling down the Comeragh's
craggy side,
And Sliav-na-mon up-swelling from the Suir's shin-
ing tide,
The hills and glynns and valleys for a dozen leagues
or so
You can view from Knock-an-Faerin where the
heather-blossoms grow.

'Tis there the grass is greenest and the sky is richest
blue,
The hawthorn blooms in fairest flower, and hearts are
ever true;
And stalwart hands for Erin that will strike a crashing
blow,
They wait in Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-
blossoms grow.

I'm weary of the valleys, and the wind is calling now,
'Tis sweeping to the sunny hills beyond Sliav-Una's
brow;
The spade I'll pitch into the ditch and with the wind
I'll go!
Hurrah! for Knock-an-Faerin where the heather-
blossoms grow;

THE IRISH MOTHER.

The old mother, you say, she was berrid before you
came over,

An' with her last sighin' she called down God's blessin's
on me,

An' you prayed ere you came on her grave that the
daisies now cover—

O Mother of God, that this black, lonesome day I
should see!

An' this is the sorrowful end of me plans an' me
dreamin',—

Sure I thought that so soon I would steal up the little
boreen,

An' old mother would meet me just there, her poor
face all a-beamin',

While I'd tell all the things I had done an' the places
I'd seen!

An' then with her hand holdin' mine we would go up
together

To the little thatched house on the hill where so happy
we dwelt,

An' the hedges of woodbine would bloom, an' the beau-
tiful heather—

But now; ah, you tell me that gladness can never be
felt!

An' so her last words were for me, an' she sent me
her blessin',

An' told you to say that we'd meet where there's
weepin' no more;

That though soon on the clay of the grave her old
head would be pressin',
Her prayers would brighten my way till my troubles
were o'er.

Oh, with longin' an' sorrow, me heart-veins are swelled
nigh to burstin',
To think that her welcome I never shall feel as of yore,
That the light of the eyes for whose love-looks I
always was thirstin',
Is quenched in the grave an' will shine at my comin'
no more.

But, hush! sure I know she is with us this minnit we're
speakin',
For our soggarth once said, all the wants of the blessed
are filled;
An' I know that the soul of poor mother will ever be
seekin'
To stay near her son till his heart's latest throbbin' is
stilled!

THE RED WALLS OF LIMERICK.

A Brigade Ballad—A.D. 1692.

There's bitter woe in Erin since the Wild Geese sailed
away,
The *clairseach** sobs with sorrow now, that erst rang
loud and gay;
Unheard the tramp of Sarsfield's Horse and D'Usson's
bugle bray.
Mo nuar!† *Mo nuar!* the lost pride of Limerick!

**Clairseach*—the harp. †*Mo nuar*—My grief—alas.

The treaty is broken and our wrongs are unredressed,
'A murdered peasant's hanging high on yonder mountain crest;

See there a starving mother, with a dead child to her breast!

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the black woes of Limerick!

Go Dhia, but these deathly days hang like a funeral pall
Mine eyes have seen the battle break 'gainst belching fort and wall;

Dutch William's stormers stagger back from shearing blade and ball!

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the Red Walls of Limerick!

How leaped our hearts when Lucan's Horse swept by
at thundrous pace!

How cheered we Dillon's dancing plume, and Berwick's martial grace!

Ah! days indeed! Our tender maids feared not grim death to face!

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the lone homes of Limerick!

But Sarsfield and his "Slashers" all have sailed away to France,

On Europe's shaking battlefields their fiery chargers prance,

And Erin—hapless Erin, now has not one guarding lance.

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the dead hopes of Limerick!

Broad Shannon's eddying waters hurry outward to the sea,

A hundred exile-bearing ships adown its wide gate flee!
Alone I wait the shadows of the night that is to be!

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the lost cause of Limerick!

THE FAIRY-STOLEN.

Mother dear, my mother, they have stolen me away,
And I miss you, mother darling, all the livelong day;
When the dreamy sun is shining, and the fleecy clouds
sail by,

You are weeping for me, mother, and I hear your
bitter cry.

I wandered by the fairy Rath, I wandered all alone,
I played, nor thought of danger, by the haunted Ogam
Stone;

Till the fairies from Knocksheela came and carried me
away

Where they live within the mountain in their palaces
of clay!

Mother dear, oh, mother, they have crowned me Fairy
Queen,

They have robed me in a vesture of the sunset's won-
drous sheen,

They have dowered me with treasure that their fairy
castles hold,

But more precious to me, mother, your sweet kiss than
shining gold.

When the sun is on the mountain, and the cloud-shades
come and go,

And drowsy brooklets downward 'neath the nodding
hazels flow,

When the bee is in the fox-glove, and in covert hides
the hare,

Oh, look upon the mountain then, for, mother, I am
there!

But when the night has fallen and the mystic moon-
light comes,
And darkly on the valley's breast the grey-walled castle
looms,
Oh, then along the river's banks we're skipping near
and far,
Till dawn with spears of silver drives away the Morn-
ing Star.

'Twas but yesternight, O mother, that we passed the
cottage by,
Ah, my eager heart beat heavily to know that you were
nigh.
I saw the tears you shed for me, I heard your troubled
prayer,
But the fairy throng bore swift along, I could not
linger there!

Mother dear, my mother, I am dying day by day,
They may hold my lifeless body, but my spirit will not
stay,
It will seek you, mother darling, thro' the sunshine or
the rain,
And the fairies of the mountain cannot steal your
child again!

THE EARLY CHRISTMAS MASS.

Slipping down the Curlew mountains to the early
Christmas Mass,
When the shadow's on the heather and the rime is on
the grass—

Want may chill our highland cottage; troubles bide
with us alway,
But the Saviour makes us happy on His holy Christmas
Day.

I must wake my dear ones early on this morn of peace
and joy,
Little pet-lamb, pretty Nora, sturdy Neil, my comely
boy,
When the hearth is clean and cosy and the dancing
flames are gay,
And the kettle croons a welcome to the coming Christ-
mas Day.

Darkness lingers on the valley and the fairy-haunted
glen,
Eastward now the break of morning brings the peace
of God to men.
Near the mountain-rim,—first jewel of the Christ-
Child's diadem,
Burns a star of radiant beauty like the Star of Bethle-
hem!

Wake ye now, my sleeping treasures, wake ye now,
your mother's joy,
Pretty Nora, drowsy lambkin, blue-eyed Neil, my
laughing boy—
For the shadow's on the heather, and the rime is on the
grass,
And the angels hurry earthward to the early Christmas
Mass!

See above yon ivied abbey, where God's servants
prayed of old,
Fiery pillars in the heavens—bars of silver, shafts of
gold—
Swing the gates of glory open, shining souls unnum-
bered pass,
Let us hurry down to meet them at the early Christmas
Mass!

Down the mountain, up the valley, from the riverside
and glen,
Throng the cheery-chatting people, stately women,
stalwart men;
Guard, oh, guard them, God of Erin! bitter sorrow
theirs, alas!
Many a heart shall bleed in exile ere another Christmas
Mass!

Lift thy drooping face, my Erin, God has heard thy
bitter moan,
Tho' His hand rest heavy on thee, 'tis to make thee
more His own.
Faith has died where nations flourished,—earthly gain
His gifts surpass.
When He greets His gathered people at the early
Christmas Mass!

THE FALLIN' O' THE RAIN.

Good-bye to strange Kildara, 'tis the lonesome place to
me:
Sure every week is like a month, and every month like
three.

The mist is comin' wet and cold, but now I won't complain,
I'm going home, and little reck the fallin' o' the rain!

'Twas foolishness that brought me here, I wonder at it now;
Too proud was I to work the spade or follow up the plow;
But little work and gold galore won't heal the heart o' pain,
And I'm off to old Kilkenny thro' the fallin' o' the rain!

'Twas foolishness that brought me here, 'twas madness made me stay,
With not a hillside slopin' green to rest my eyes all day,
But Allen's bog outstretchin' like the level, blindin' main,
And ne'er a burst o' sunshine for the fallin' o' the rain!

I wonder if 'tis but a dream a hundred times a day,
And draw my hand across my eyes to drive it all away;
Then faint and dim I see the hills beyond this weary plain,
They call my wild heart ever thro' the fallin' o' the rain!

Oh, high are Leitrim's castle stones, and princely Curragh-More,
But built are they on Irish bones and washed with Irish gore;
Yet surely out from bondage God will lead His own again,
And dry the tears long fallin' like the fallin' o' the rain!

And then my native Ossory, whose vales now greet my
gaze,
Upon thy hundred mountain peaks the triumph-fires
shall blaze,
Thy glory shall be fairer for the waitin' years o' pain,
As comin' sunshine flashes thro' the fallin o' the rain!

*LAV-LAIDHIR ABU.**

["About this time a great disgrace fell upon the noble family of O'Brien; for the chieftain Murrough, a man brave beyond compare, and of comely parts, went over to the Enemy with part of his clan, and waged war without mercy against his kinsmen and former friends. So terrible in sooth were his devastations that he thereafter was known to the Irish as 'Murrough the Burner.'"—Old Chronicler.]

My head is bowed, and my heart is breaking,
My *Clairseach*† dumb for my country's shame,
This burden black from my spirit shaking,
I'll strike again to an ancient name—

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

That shout thrilled many a field of fame,
Lav-Laidhir Abu!

A bard am I of a house dishonored,
A song unsaddened no longer mine;
Loud rang my harp amid hosts embannered,
When Erin's shield was the race of Brian!

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Lord God, look down on a princely line.
Lav-Laidhir Abu!

*Recte—*Lamh laidhir Abuaidhe*—Lit.—The Strong Hand to Victory.
The war cry of the O'Briens of Thomond.

†*Clairseach*—The harp.

Flash forth, Kincora, thy halls of glory,
Come, famed Clontarf, to my sad soul's sight,
A thousand fields where in battle gory
The Strong Hand wrestled for Erin's right!

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Thrice cursed be he that its strength would blight!

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Accursed be he upon plain and mountain,
Accursed again upon shore and wave,
Shame's hot breath poison his heart's life-fountain,
Shallow and red his polluted grave!

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

A haughty house, has it borne a slave?

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Murrough the Burner! from Croome to Connaught
I see the smoke of your conquests rise;
Maddened with slaughter, your *kerne* and *bonnaught*
Affright our valleys with murderous cries.

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

The dumb beast e'en from their presence flies!

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Green-bosomed Thomond, your bloom is faded,
Proud Cashel's portals, your pride is fled,
Grim Murrough's butchers, by Satan aided,
Have made wide Desmond a house of dead!

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

But rise ye clans to a vengeance dread!

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Afar I hearken the Banshee calling
Fierce Thomond's chief to his bloody tomb—
Murrrough the Burner, the bolt is falling,
Thy gibbering victims around thee loom!

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

Meet for a traitor a traitor's doom,

Lav-Laidhir Abu!

THE VEIL OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

A Legend of the Wicklow Mountains.

[The peasantry give to a strange mist which is sometimes seen hovering on the mountain tops, a beautiful appellation in Gaelic, signifying "The Veil of the Virgin Mary."]

In a Wicklow valley, rich Imale
The peasants tell you a wondrous tale:
At the close of even there falls, 'tis said,
A fleecy cloud on the mountain's head,
Of a faery lustre, pure and pale,
And they call it the Virgin Mary's Veil.

One day long past at the twilight tide
A tall youth climbed the mountain-side;
Thoughtful his brow and passing fair,
His modest eyes, and night-black hair.
The people said that he was a saint,
That his soul of sin knew never a taint.

And this was the reason, no doubt, that he
So favoured of Heaven above should be;
For the soul that is pure hath beauty rare
And shines like the sun beyond compare,
While angels weep in their mansions aisled
To gaze on a human heart defiled.

The sun had sunk 'neath the mountain's head;
The clouds were shimmering pink and red;
A calm majestic was reigning there,
And the youth soft breathed a fervent prayer,
For lo! before him, untinged and pale,
Was the mist of the Virgin Mary's Veil!

Deep thrilled his heart with a reverent fear,
As the mystic cloud came drifting near.
He felt the awe of a Presence high,
A heavenly incense floated by,
And he heard, as the mist enveloped him,
A sound as of chanting seraphim!

Then broke on his eyes such dazzling light
He fain would cover his aching sight,
But an angel voice bade him have no fear;—
He looked and beheld a vision near,
A Woman whose beauty outshone by far
The light of the lustrous morning star!

Short moments of rapturous amaze
Did the ravished youth on that vision gaze—
All crowned with the blazing orbs of night
And clothed in robes of living light—
Then spoke the Lady in tone so sweet,
It calmed his hot heart's feverous beat:—

“The Virgin Mother of God am I,
And come from my throne of gold on high
To claim the love of your youth as mine.
God dowers me with souls that are pure like thine;
Your spouse shall no earthly maiden be,
You are mine for the long eternity.”

The youth arose, the vision was gone,
His face with a sacred lustre shone,
With a pilgrim's staff, in the morning gray
He journeyed to blessed Melleray,
And there with the pious monks did bide—
Ere a year, the death of a saint he died.

And thus I've told you the wondrous tale
I heard in the beautiful Wicklow vale.
The lesson and moral all may see:—
God's loveliest gift is *purity*.
When we stand in the awful Judgment Light,
May our hearts be robed with The Veil of White.

*MOIRIN NI MARA.**

"Voice o' the Sea, and the wild waves bounding
Thro' night's dark spaces in to the shore,
Wraith o' the sea, and the dim caves sounding
To hands that knock on their hingeless door!
In fear I hear you, the long hours sighing,
Your breath the spindrift that flecks my pane,
'Moirin Ni Mara'!—but nought replying,
I tremble and hark for that call again."

"Moirin Ni Mara, their bed is shallow,
Nigh yon grim cliff where the sea mews cry;
They wait in vain for a prayer to hallow,
The sunless spot where their bodies lie!

*In November, 1885, a young girl, Mary O'Mara, whose two brothers had been drowned on the West Coast of Ireland, grew distracted in mind, and declaring that she heard her brothers' voices calling, put forth to sea on a dark wild night. Her dead body was afterwards found on the shore.

Arise, and look where your brothers' faces
Pitiful s. are as the sand drifts past,
Go forth and bear them to holier places,
Your boat yet clings to her moorings fast."

"Voice o' the ocean, I hear your summons:
My boat leaps out o'er the perilous track—
But woe is me that my hands are woman's
Ah, cruel billows that beat me back!
I cannot win to the black cliff's cover
Nor yet return my fearsome path,
Mother of Mercy, my life is over!
I faint!—I drown in the mad sea's wrath!"

Morin Ni Mara!—they found her lying
Cold—all cold on the foam-flaked sand:—
Far up above her the curlews flying
With frightened cries sought the wind-swept land.
They made her grave where a wave sounds never,
A gray priest blessing the tranquil sward,
The sea-wraith's victim at rest forever,
Her white soul soaring to greet its Lord.

CNOC-AULINN.

I leave my parents in Kilmacowen,
My loving cousins in Ard-na-Grange,
For o'er the mountains I must be goin',
Where fairy voices all bid me range!
Beyond those hill-tops fair visions shimmer,
Bright with the sun, an' the water fallin'.
Good-bye, Moondharrig! each moment dimmer,
I fly forever to far Cnoc-Auilinn.

Weary am I o' the wordy clatter,
 The busy tongue an' the sordid mind.
 The world which seemed a mighty matter
 Fades as I leave it far behind;
 I leave my plough in the grassy furrow,
 My patient horse in the headland stallin'.
 Good-bye, Gurthlawhan; for ere to-morrow
 I'll walk with Oscar on old Cnoc-Aulinn!

There shall I listen to drowsy wathers,
 And magic runes o' the Keol-Sidhe—
 Hear Bardic rannin' of ancient slaughters
 And Finn's Dord-Fiann* o'er Knoc-na-righ,
 With kings of old I shall be reclinin',
 In pleasant dreamin' fond scenes recallin',
 While shamrocks there at my feet entwinin',
 Shall bless my slumbers on grey Cnoc-Aulinn.

THE BRIDGE OF BALLYTARSNEY.

On the Bridge of Ballytarsney, and I but a wee *garsun*
 I hearkened many a runic rhyme and many a faery
 tune;
They sang them in the wires o'erhead—'tis plain to you
 and me;
 The singing wires from Sliav-na-mon were white roads
 of the *Sidhe*.

Oh! dawn and dark the fairies passed,—when winds
 were keen and high
 You'd hear the little wee *sheeogs* give out a bitter cry;

*The Dord-Fiann was the great bugle, or hunting horn, used by Finn McCool, chief of the Fianna.

And often at the dead o' night I prayed my angel near,
To shield the weeshy people on their journey without
fear.

On the Bridge of Ballytarsney, when the neighbours
gathered there,
They patted me upon the cheek and smoothed my
tousled hair,
How kind their looks and pleasant words that I
miss to-day,
The exile's pain my portion in a cold land far away.

On the Bridge of Ballytarsney, when I viewed the
around,
And all the winding, sunny roads that wandered
all bound,
I often wished I were a man and not a *lanniv* quite,
I'd seek the streams of *Tir-na-n-og*, beyond Moond-
hega's height.

On the Bridge of Ballytarsney, when the evening
shadows fell,
And the dim groves and fields were hushed just like a
faery spell,
A sudden awe came o'er me, and I hurried down the
hill,
All lonesome for my mother's voice,—as I am lonely
still.

*MOON-BHEG-DHOWN.**

Mo bhron! my heart is heavy an' my hair is bleachin'
gray,
For greedy lords have sent me from my native land
away.

An', would you b'lieve it, since that same, each night
I lay me down
I dream o' the old neighbours, an' of *Moon-bheg-
dhow!*

I'm weary of the stranger's face an' of the stranger's
tongue,
Ar' long to hear the *Gaelig* sweet my life-long friends
among:—

There's Torlough Quinn an' Murty Shea, an' Kellaheer
McGown,
Blithe hearts of gold, though poor an' old, in *Moon-
bhcg-dhow.*

Here wealthy folks *gaiore* walk out in silks to suit
their pride,
The silks, *an-cadh*, I envy not, if stony hearts they
hide:—

Oh! keep your treasures dearly bought, an' every silver
crown,
But give me back my calm content in *Moon-bheg-
dhow.*

Belike the merry breeze of May is rushing joyous now
Up where the sportive sunbeams dance on brown
Knoc-Laighan's brow.

*The little brown bog.

White *ceannabhan* is waving, an' the brooklets hurry
down,
To gladden all the humble homes in *Moon-bheg-dhown!*

So winningly the primrose bud peeps out to greet you
there,
An' daisies like the drifted snow are scattered every-
where!
While from each blossomed hawthorn hedge so rare a
scent is blown,
You'd swear t'was *Tir-na-n-og* they owned in *Moon-
bheg-dhown!*

'Tis there the tender neighbours are would make your
grief their own,
With sympathy in ev'ry glance an' mildness in each
tone!
An' from the little chapel perched upon the hillside
brown,
God flings a hundred thousand gifts on *Moon-bheg-
dhown!*

'Twould ease my mind to see once more our Soggarth
kind an' gray,
An' gossip with him friendly of this great land far
away;
To tell him all my troubles an' at partin' kneel me
down,
For blessin' of the Priest and Pride of *Moon-bheg-
dhown!*

The grace of God be with us in whatever clime we
 roam,
An' at our death His Mother mild be there to guide us
 home.
But if I'd ask a special boon His earthly gifts to crown,
'Twould be a holy Irish grave in *Moon-bheg-dhown!*

THE PRIMROSE TIME.

When the blustering winds of March have swept over
 Irish hills,
And chirp of nestling linnet the truant schoolboy
 thrills,
Oh! then from a mossy bank, where fragrant haw-
 thorns sprout,
The pale-gold eyes of the primrose, to gladden your
 heart, look out.

Full soon o'er valley and glen their starry clusters
 greet,
Glad children, blithe to cull them, hurry with eager
 feet;
The peasant looks to Heaven—he blesses the works
 of God,
And breathes a prayer for his loved ones that lie be-
 neath the sod.

But the wind, the world-old wind, that wafts o'er the
 hills away,
It kisses the gold-rimmed petals tirelessly all the day;
It whispers of fairy bowers and of haunted lands afar,
Where blossoms of rapture bloom—no winter cometh
 to mar!

And the sweet-faced, happy children, with eyes more
fair than the flowers,

They hear the wind's weird story—the throbbing heart
of the hours!

Their souls, unsoiled by sin, are bathed in flood serene,
God's love like the blessed sunshine that shimmers the
clouds between.

Like spirits in hush of heaven, the snow-white butter-
flies pass,

When the dreamy haze of noon o'erburdens the droop-
ing grass.

Faint presage of fragrance flung by God's great
Thurifer,

The exquisite primrose perfume that dies on the
drowsy air!

Rapt choirs of radiant cherubs that hover around the
throne,

O primroses pallid and pure, their faces are like to
your own!

Ye, too, are angels of light that look with unwavering
eyes

(Symbols of wordless prayer) to God in His lambent
skies.

CHRISTMAS MORN IN IRELAND.

'Tis Christmas morn in Ireland; the shadows ghostly
dim,

Recede before the glory of the Galtees' burnished rim.

White rime is on the hedges,

And frost-bejeweled sedges

Flash as the famed Cleev Solish* flashed, when War's
red star rose grim!

*Cleev Solish—The fabled "Sword of Light."

All silent sleeps the mottled thrush deep in the hazel
wold,
And hidden yet the linnet's head within his pinion's
fold.

Not long the fairy gnomes
Have sought their magic homes,
Where 'neath the Rath their palaces are built of
wroughten gold.

The spell at length is broken and a sound salutes mine
ear,
Like melody of angels, blown on silver trumpets clear.
Hark! 'tis the chapel bell,
Its joyous clamors tell—
The new-born Child in Juda reigns a King without
compeer!

* * * *

O wild rose of the thorny brake,—my Banba of the
Streams!
Mo Roisin Dubh, 'tis yours the face that haunts my
waking dreams.
Be strong and have no fear;
Your God is very near.
He will dry your eyes of sorrow when His Christmas
glory gleams!

ON KENMARE HEAD.

Sweet Mother of the Crucified
Be nigh to aid me now;
My old eyes view the sad, gray sea
Beyond the cliff's high brow;

The wide, gray sea that sullenly
Beats on the black rocks bare,
The while I moan, bereft and lone,
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

O bitter day I lost for aye
The dear ones of my soul!
And cruel sea!—twixt them and me
How broad and bleak you roll!
Two graves are lying far away
With none to kneel in pray'r—
And I, their mother, weeping here
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

My Owen left our cabin door
A dreary winter day,
"Full quick I'll send ye gold galore
The heavy rent to pay."
Mo nuar!* 'twas the killing word
They wrote from over there;—
"He's dying and his love he sends
To those in Old Kenmare."

Then Mary, treasure of my life—
How sweet her modest grace!
My timid lamb, she left me too
The hard world-winds to face;
Poor child, her heart was broken soon
With all the strange land's care;
They laid her by her brother's side
Far, far from Old Kenmare!

*Mo nuar.—My sorrow, alas!

Now ever to my anguished soul
Their dying voices reach,
I hear them in the waves that roll
And sob along the beach;
I listen and the crooning winds
Those last love-whispers bear
To me, their mother, waiting lone
On the Head of Old Kenmare!

Sweet Mother of the Crucified,
Thy woes were greater far,
To thee an earthly mother prays
Who art the Ocean's Star.
Thou standing by the awful Cross,
Oh, strengthen me to bear,
My sorrow swelling like the sea
By the Head of Old Kenmare!

THE CRUISE OF THE BLUE MAUREEN.

It was the brave ship Blue Maureen
Swept out from Queenstown Bay,
Nor shortened sail to the rising gale
That whipped the seas to spray.

Her skipper was Rorke, of County Cork,
Where daring men are bred;
Dark scowling now he stood at the prow
And scanned the skies ahead.

A smuggler free and fierce was he
As e'er foiled revenue brand;
No storm could daunt him on the sea,
And he feared no law on land.

He wore away to the wild sou-'west,
He flew as the swallow flies,
Past Seven Heads, and the Galley's crest
To where the Three Stags rise.

He entered a lonely cove at last,
And a Spanish ship lay there;
The Blue Maureen they loaded clean
With cargo rich and rare.

And none too quick was done the trick
For as he sheered away
A gun-boat cleared the ocean-swell
And stuck its nose in the bay.

Said Rorke, "The revenue-man's not built
Can fool a fox like me"—
He found a gate thro' a hidden strait,
And danced on the open sea!

"Now, Revenue-man, it's catch who can,"
Said Rorke, "an' we've slipped ye well,
Ho, now for a chase and a clipping race
Your vaunted speed to tell."

The storm-gust shook the Blue Maureen
And blew her into the west
Like thistle-down in the summer breeze
From Brown Knocmeldon's crest.

The skipper laughed to his flying craft,
No revenue boat was seen—
"And would they match their smoky hulks
To sail with the Blue Maureen?"

"Now, lads, to wind with her a bit
We'll head for port again,
See yonder cloud like a dead man's shroud,
It carries a hurricane."

They looked and the erstwhile smiling south
Grew dark—as dark midnight.
Dusky and dun became the sun
And baleful was his light.

Black and blacker the skies became
Till a white bolt crashed o'erhead,
And out of the pall came a thunder-call
Like the last trump of the dead!

"Ho! down the sails—'ware foul or slip!
And watch ye well the south
We've saved our ship from the bailiff's grip
But we've run in the Tempest's mouth!"

"A plague on my eyes that see no sign,
A plague on the coming blast,
'T will carry us bare, to God knows where
Nor leave us a rag to mast."

He spoke, and the hissing hurricane
Drove in to show him true;
It caught the ship in a gusty grip
And blind to the north she flew!

Oh, blind she flew till the pallid crew
For fear could scarce draw breath;
Said Rorke, "This drift is steady and swift
And the end of it all is death."

"The end is death, be it long or short,
Not mine the skill to know,
Or grinding shock on a hidden rock
Or flung on a white ice-floe."

Then northward drove the Blue Maureen,
Still north a day and night,
With never a lift, nor once a shift
The hurricane proved its might.

The toppling combers swept her deck,
Hard-lashed the helm-wheel strained,
The bending mast in the ruthless blast,
Like tortured soul complained!

Said Rorke: "An angry God's above,
And the devil is 'neath our keel,
'Tis late in the day for me to pray,
And now I may not kneel."

"For Heaven would scorn my puling now,
And I may spare my breath:—
See yon black wall! Ho! shipmates all!
'Tis there—the end—and death!"

The Blue Maureen swung wide and high,
And over the yawning waves
A rock-bound coast their vision crossed,
They saw their waiting graves!

Black Rorke clung fast by the shaking mast,
When sudden he was aware
A Shape of fear was standing near—
No mortal man stood there!

Steady and stark the Stranger stood,
Nor recked the reeling ship;
Then: "Dermot Rorke, you have done your work
And sailed your last sea-trip."

"Cast is the line, and the prize is mine
So now I claim your soul."
The skipper he looked to scowling rocks,
And heard the breakers roll!

"Oh, life is sweet with hell to meet,"
The skipper said with a sigh.
"I'll send my soul when seven years roll
If now you pass me by."

"Your soul is mine," said the demon then,
"When e'er I will to take,
But now you'll sell your child as well,
And saved be for her sake.

"Her soul is bright with a wondrous light
(God's grace within her grew)
I'll take that soul, when seven years roll,
And till that time spare you."

Burst from the skipper a cry of fear;
"What! take my child?" he said,
"Not for the earth and all 'tis worth
I'd sell a hair of her head."

"O Lord, that rules the wind, and stirs
The deep seas with Thy breath,
In this dread hour show forth Thy power—
Save us from sin and death!"

The sinner prayed—his lips were stirred
By grace of his own child's prayer;
At a distant shrine her call was heard,
God crowned her pleading there.

Ah! none may claim Christ's aid in vain;
And now a child's weak moan
Pierces the sky and there on high
Sweet Mercy claims its own!

Great is Thy saving Name, O Christ!
Afar the Tempter flies,
God's holy peace falls o'er the seas,
The storm-blast moaning dies!

* * * * *

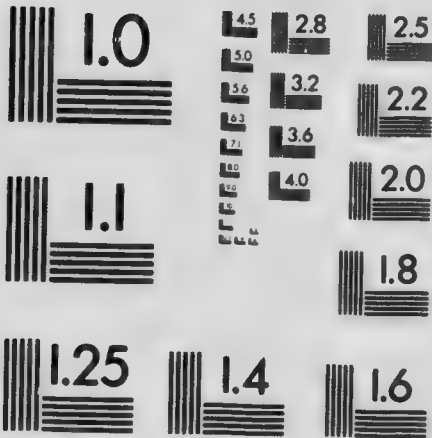
By Queenstown Bay, on the sand-bars gray,
Beached high, a boat is seen
She sails no more where deep seas roar,
'Tis the brave ship Blue Maureen.

No more she'll breast the billow's crest
On perilous cruise out-bound,
All peaceful now is the skipper's brow,
God's friendship he hath found.

Death's call he waits, at the harbor gates,
With hope God's port to see;
May skies be fair on his voyage there,
And Christ his Pilot be!



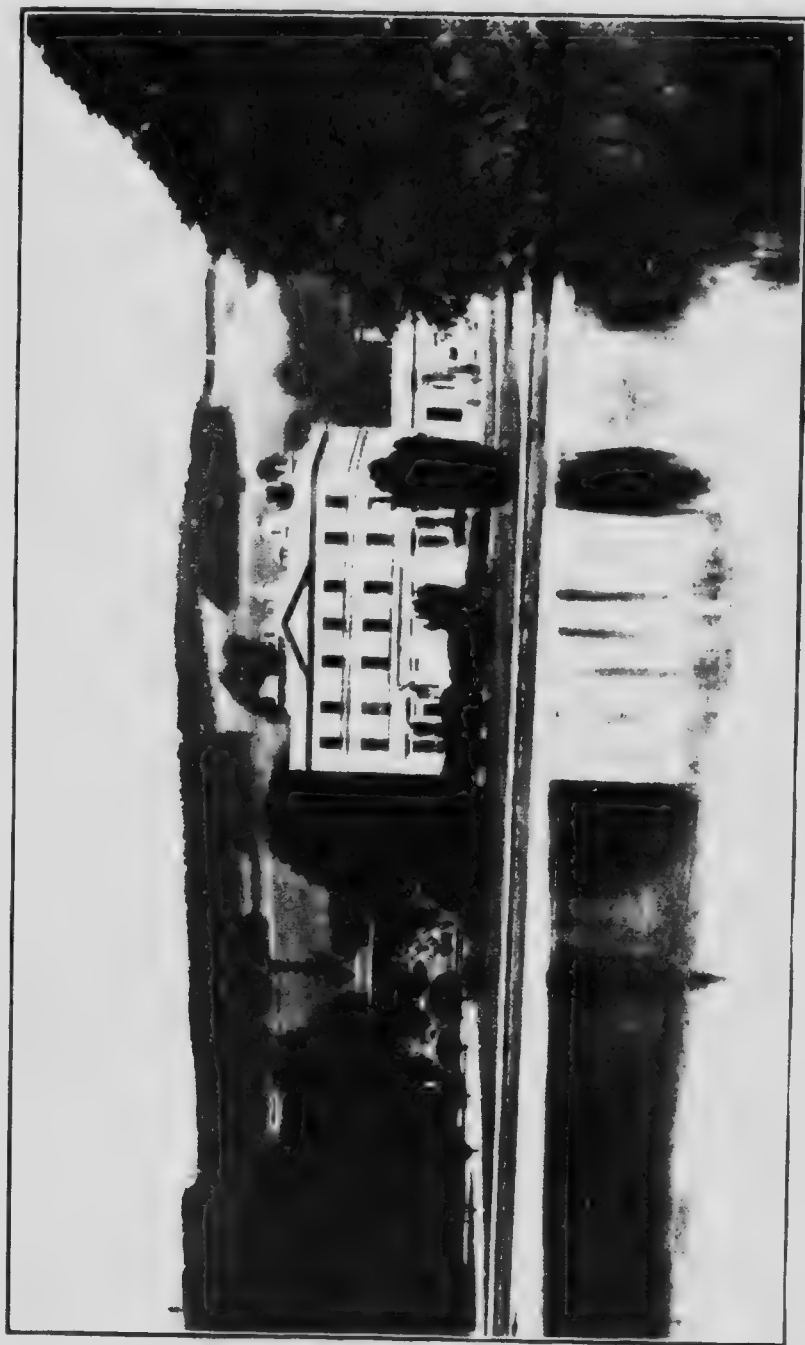
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

THE HANGING OF MYLES LEHANE.

The Baron of Graine and Cavan, his heart was hard
and cold,
He loved but his dogs and hunters—his god was greed
of gold.
Said he: "For my pride and pleasure I'll have those
broad lands free,"
And he drove his serfs to the workhouse, or scourged
them o'er the sea.
But Myles Lehane of Cashel went up to the Baron's
door,
His heart like lead and bowed his head,—he never had
begged before.
Said he: "For your honor's payment long years I've
drudged like a beast,
'Twill break my heart from the land to part, but leave
us the house at least,
For Nora, my wife, is dying,—the child is gone before,
'Twas fever killed our darling, so the neighbors come
no more."
Then the Baron swore a sounding oath, and ordered
the "dog" away,
And back thro' the rain went Myles Lehane to his
woful house that day.
Next morning's sun rose grim and dun, and in thro' the
valley's gate,
Like a river red the "Death Brigade" defiled in martial
state.
Oh, bold and gay they looked that day, the dashing
Irish Horse,
But they did a work would shame a Turk that spares
not the senseless corse!



"WENT UP TO THE BARON'S DOOR."
A line in the "Hanging of Myles Leclane."

[See page 10.]

Their sabres clanked full gallantly, their hoof-beat
 echoed plain,
Till they came to halt with never a fault by the house
 of Myles Lehane,
And there they formed a *cordon*, all strict to the rules
 of war—
(Would they do so well to the Arab yell on Afric
 sands afar?)

Within his straw-roofed cottage, his own no longer
 now,
Sat Myles Lehane deep-bowed in pain, cold fear-drops
 on his brow,
Dread were the thoughts he wrestled, but never uttered
 a sound,
The hand of God lay heavy on him—the wrath of man
 around.
His sick wife lay beside him, her life-tide ebbing fast,
And he prayed that ere the troops came there her spirit
 might have passed.
The damp death-reek was on her cheek, the priest was
 kneeling by,
But she heard outside the soldiers' stride, and pitiful
 was her cry:
"Oh, *wirra, wirra*, the bitter day! and have I lived so
 long,
And I must lie by the road to die, that never did man
 wrong!
Oh, Myles, my heart's light ever, come near and hold
 my hand.
'Twas gladsome May our wedding day and sunshine
 filled the land;

The birds sang gay our wedding day, the bending skies
were blue,
And you were then my king of men, and I was fair
to you.
Our joys and our heavy sorrows we shared them side
by side,
When the crops and cattle prospered—when the son
of our bosoms died;
But now when your blackest trouble is falling upon
your head,
I must leave you Myles, my husband, to be with the
griefless dead.
Yet hear me, our God is mercy,—He judges the deeds
of men;
I'll pray at His throne for you, my own, until we meet
again."

Rang on the door a gun-butt—hurtled a hoarse com-
mand:—
"Now, Myles Lehane, in the Queen's high name, give
up your house and land."
The hinges burst like rot-wood, and in the bailiffs
strode—
"Now out with them, bag and baggage, to beg their
rent on the road!"
The priest stood up from the bedside, his tear-filled
eyes flashed fire—
"Oh, men, would you shame your manhood to do such
deed for hire,
The wild beast chased and wounded may die at last in
his lair,
And would you refuse like mercy to God's own image
there?"



"THE LINGERS BURST LIKE ROT WOOD, AND IN THE BATHS STROOP" IN 1900

Then spoke his lordship's agent,—a fiend incarnate
he,—

"You'll leave the house, my prating priest, and curse
her! so shall she,

Ho! fetch me the oil can, hearties—we'll have a bonfire
good,

And crack our joke while the rats we smoke, as loyal
subjects should."

They bore her out on the roadside, they laid her down
to die,

The flames from the burning cottage leaped fiercely to
the sky.

But swifter on to the heavens the soul of a woman
went,

The angels found her a dwelling-place, and *never a
word of rent!*

'Tis night in the gloomy valley, 'tis night on the hill-
side drear,

Hark! heard ye a gunshot sounding—heard ye a shriek
of fear?

A murderer flies in terror, his deed was done too well—
The Baron of Graine and Cavan his soul is deep in
hell!

A bullet has found its billet, out there on the lonesome
moor,

No more he'll grind, in his anger blind, the faces of
God's poor.

And out on the widening ocean a swift ship flies e'en
now

The wind blows fair, yet one they bear with Cain-brand
on his brow.

Now flash the news of horror to every land and clime,
To brand the race with deep disgrace whose sons have
wrought this crime

Beneath such rule benignant foul murder to befall!
This Baron great had wealth and state and lived in
princely hall!

But never a word of the woman who died by deed of
law,

The tempered scales of Justice must poise without a
flaw—

And find ye the wretched culprit, it boots not whom nor
how,

The outraged State must vindicate her injured prestige
now!

They found ere long a victim—the proofs, they said,
were plain—

And Dublin's deep-walled dungeons soon closed on
Myles Lehané.

Like Him of old, the Scourged One, he made no moan
or cry;

They dragged him out in the blaze of noon and told
him he must die.

“Now, Myles Lehané, in your Maker's name, what
word have you to say

With latest breath to the doom of death that falls on
you to-day?”

The peasant knelt to Heaven, his hair gleamed white
to the sun,

“My lord, of the crime I'm guiltless; but God's high
will be done!

I fear not to meet my Saviour—He promised the
wronged redress;
The death I die is shameful, my shame than His far
less.
Better to die and end it than live a trampled slave
With never a breath of freedom—no hope but the
waiting grave.
The precious gold we drudge for, buys feast for a
glutton's hall;
Better than life of torture, be robbed at once of all."

Ah! Myles Lehané, of Cashel, dost hear thy death-bell
toll?
The grim black flag they've hoisted—Christ's mercy on
thy soul!
The guards drag forth their victim, the hangman stands
in wait,
Like watchers by a death-bed, the people pray at the
gate.
The black mask veils his vision—he looked his last on
the sun,
Now God and the Virgin aid him—the awful doom is
done!

Thro' the grimy streets of Dublin the crowds creep
shuddering home,
And down from the Wicklow summits the gusty rain-
blasts come,
They weep through the darkened city to wash its guilt
away.
They tell to the sullen Irish Sea a tale of shame to-day!

I saw a singer of ballads, he sang a song in the street,
In the heart of Dublin City, 'mid bustle and hurry of
feet,

Men's cheeks flushed hot to hear him, and women's
went white with pain—

I've tried to sing you the song I heard—The hanging
of Myles Lehané.

TO W. B. YEATS.

The cadence of your "fitful Danaan rhymes,"
Like some weird charm out-flung by Druid hands,
Across the pearl-pale portals of the dawn,
O'erwhelms us with that strange unearthly sense
Of mystery and witchery of the Past!

We see again the "moon's pale twisted shell"
Above the shadowy mountains where the Sidhe
Build their enchanted Rathes.

The curlew's cry,
The rustling reeds on lone Coolaney's shore,
The milky smoke that drifts along the sea,
The clashing of the cymbals of the waves,
The groaning of the mossed and gnarled oak,
The long dry grasses whispering on the moor,
The hazels garrulous on every scaur,
The wild wind keening thro' the ancient tower,
The glamor and the spell of olden things
Enthrall our souls!

The banded Finians pass
With mournful eyes—and grip their ashen spears!

And Ossian and pale Niamh too are there,
And fierce Cuchulain, like a god of war—
His lips wide-parted to a battle-cry
Leaps to his death!

We dwell with wraiths and shades
And sounds from out another world than this,
Strike on our ears,—while all the brooding hills
Are drowned in poignant dreams of Erin's Past.

THE ARRAN ISLES.

Where sunset banners glow unfurl'd,
The hills of holy Arran raise
Their steadfast outline to my gaze—
The burnished rim of all the world!

A glory tinges sky and sea,
A glory crowns the slumb'ring isles—
Sure 'tis Hy-Brasil there that smiles!
And spirit-forms that beckon me!

White steeds of Manan race between,
Oh! they shall bear my boat away
Beyond the harbor's mournful gray,
To realms of gold and faery sheen.

Out to the Islands of the Gael
(The jarring world left far behind)—
Hark! Oisin's harp-notes in the wind
And Ocean's dirge for *Grainne Mhaile*!

No modern clamors there shall greet
Or discords of the Saxon speech,
But children's artless voices teach,
The ancient tongue in accents sweet.

The Celtic bard unhindered there
Shall sing his songs of love and truth;
And *Tir-na-n-og*:—undying youth
Be his reward exceeding fair!

IN ERIN.

A broken tower, an ancient cross,
A brown, bare hill behind;
A sob and a sigh, where the stream flows by,
A rustling of reeds in the wind.
(*Lone whispering of reeds in the wind!*)

A crumbling gable, a ruined cot,
Dank weeds that batten on the floor;
A gray bog nigh, where curlews cry,
Like Banshee wailing at the door.
(*Ah! the moaning of the Banshee at the door!*)

A grim, black coast, and a wintry sea,
A broken boat on the land,
A fitful caoine from lips unseen,
Loud clamor of waves on the strand.
(*Wild trouble of the waters on the strand.*)

A flash of sunshine, a glint of green,
A hamlet white in the vale;
A laugh and a song where the hurlers throng,
God's hope for the future of the Gael.
(*Joy springs from the sorrow of the Gael.*)

THE SONS OF PATRICK.

Into the mists of the Pagan island
Bearing God's message great Patrick came ;
The Druid altars on plain and highland
Fell at the sound of his mighty name !

Swift was the conquest—with hearts upswelling
The Faith they took, and to God they swore :
That precious spark from their bosoms' dwelling,
Man's guile or torture should snatch no more.

And ever since, while the wide world wonders
This steadfast people their strength reveal,
As Time Earth's kingdoms and empires sunders,
They stand by Patrick in ranks of steel !

The nations mock them, like Christ's tormentors ;
"Descend," they cry, "from your cross of shame ;
Abjure the Faith—see the road that enters
The groves of pleasure and wealth and fame !"

Like those that passed where the Cross rose dimly
Their wise beards wagging—"What fools !" they
say ;

But the Sons of Patrick make answer grimly :
"Our God we've chosen—the price we'll pay.

"Ever about us the foes' commotion,
The anguish sweat on our brows ne'er dry ;
Our martyrs' bones strew the land and ocean,
Lone deserts echo our exiles' cry.

"Unto our hearts is earth's pride forbidden,
 Unto our hands is its gold denied;
 We do not question the Purpose hidden—
 Let Him who fashioned our souls decide!

"Yet though once more to us choice were given,
 And the long aeons were backward rolled,
 We'd walk again before Earth and Heaven
 The blood-stained pathway we walked of old!"

CELTIC LULLABY.

Alanna ban dhas, my bright-haired child,
 Sleep, sweetly sleep, O white lamb mild,
 Ever your red lips seeming to say,
*Tha me i'm' culla a'us na dusig me.**

Out on the moorland 'tis darksome night,
 Pale burns the Jack-o'-the-lantern light,
 The sough of the wild *shee guiha†* I hear,
 Angels of God, guard well my dear!

From hurt or from harm shield him well;
 The perils of night and the fairies' spell;
 When daisies dance in the dawning light
 My love will wake with the flowerets bright.

Macushla storin, oh, sweetly sleep,
 (Like Banshee wailing the night blasts sweep),
 Your red lips kissing, they seem to say,
Tha me i'm' culla a'us na dusig me!

*Lit.—I am asleep, do not waken me.

†*Shee Guiha*—Fairy Wind.

THE ATONEMENT.

So late! so late, you come to bind our wounds,
O stubborn foe!—had you but tarried still
'Twere all too late! For deadly was the strife
Thro' myriad years, and dreary was the night—
Our night of bitterness and agony!
Nay! nay! you may not ask that we forget
Our chains, our martyred dead, our country's woe,
Her million famine-graves,—her ruined homes—
The wailing of her exiles flung afar!
Nor can we quench at once the raging fires,
Fanned by the furious breath of centuries!
But standing in the shadow of the Cross
And looking on His wide and gaping wounds—
Hearing His voice that for forgiveness prays
E'en for His murderers!—we too take heart
And lay our hand in yours,—and for His sake
Forgive the wrongs of all the blood-dimmed years.

THE ANCIENT TOWERS.

Hark to that solemn voice! the crooning wind
Speaks from the olden Towers!
It cries and whispers low through port and door
All the lone moon-lit hours;
And I that feel its magic o'er me cast
Sway to the surging thoughts and dreams of Erin's
past!

Ye deathless Towers—embodied mysteries!
Pallid and gray with years.

Grim warriors pensive from a thousand scathes
Speak to my soul that hears,
With rapt emotion, doubting not indeed,
But quivering to each breath, like zephyr-shaken reed!

Ye lift your stately columns proudly high
In many a quiet vale,
And wraith-like rise o'er misty sea-girt isles
Where tempests loud assail.
Serene ye stand, reckless of calm or rage,
Mocking the season's change, unmoved from age to
age!

Homes of the mighty dead, where ghosts of eld
Mourn for the years long past!
High beacon-towers whose adamantine walls
Despise the tempest blast!
Symbols are ye of Erin's changeless faith,
Pointing to Heaven's serene, and faithful unto death.

CARADOC THE WOLF.

For that he scourged God's people and laid waste
Their tillage fields, and burned their holy shrines,
The Curse of Patrick fell on Caradoc;
And straight the unhappy chieftain's shape was changed
From human guise. The halls of men no more
Echoed his footfalls, but the forest beasts
Trembled to see him pass their haunts among.
A gaunt grey wolf, accursed and alone!

Full oft when on his journeys Patrick passed
With good Benignus, thro' the woodland glades
The man-wolf crossed their path,—and, ah, the look
Of dumb entreaty from out those eyes!
The desperate pleading of that human soul,
Brute-prisoned, stirred the young Benignus' heart
To melting pity; so unto the Saint
He spoke: "O Father what is this dread thing,
The great, grey wolf that follows us alway,
And suppliant scans our faces?" And the Saint:—
" 'Tis Caradoc that suffers for his sins."

Wearied and spent, one night, the godly pair
With broken branches made a hasty couch
And 'mid the forest fastnesses reclined
To sleep and wait the dawning. The sad wind
Moaned in the gnarled boughs that ghost-like flung
Their withered arms in dismal pantomime.
Late in the sombre watches, with a cry
Benignus woke and shuddering called the Saint:—
"Waken, O Father! for your son hath fear,—
I dreamt that in the dark two burning eyes
Watched as we slept, and even when I woke
Those eyes were there ablazing in the gloom."
Then Patrick:—"Sleep again, my son, in peace,
'Tis Caradoc keeps vigil for his sins."
And meek Benignus slept, but woke once more
To horrid clamor as though hellish fiends
The place infested; from the woods about,
A wolf-pack, frantic at the scent of prey,
With clashing jaws leaped towards the sleeping Saint.

Right fearsome death were his, but from his side
A gaunt grey wolf more fierce than all the rest,
With flaming eyes, charged 'gainst the ravening pack,
Tearing them left and right!

When Patrick woke
In the dim dawn he saw beside him there
Grim vulpine forms with life-blood flowing fast
And with its head uplifted towards his couch,
A gaunt grey wolf, whose throat was gashed and torn,
With dying eyes entreating sought his own.

When Patrick spoke: "'Tis Caradoc at last
That for his sins hath made atonement due."
And straight he rose and on the man-wolf's head
Poured the baptismal waters that wash out
All stain of sin, and free the enchained soul,
"Thee I baptize, O Caradoc, in name
Of Father, Son and Holy Ghost." And lo!
No longer lay a grey wolf at his feet,
But Caradoc in human form again,
Who, joyful kissing Patrick's garment-hem,
And, happy sighing, closed his eyes in death.

THE FALLEN TOWER.

[Archbishop Croke, the beloved prelate of Cashel and Emly, died July 22, 1902.]

A tower hath fallen in Erin, a pillar-tower of the past,
And the souls of men are shaken, like reeds in a wintry
blast.

A tower hath fallen in Erin; long we have seen it loom
Like the pillar of fire o'er Zion, to save the land from
doom.

Weep ye in sainted Cashel, weep ye in Ormond's Vale,
Ye shall not find his equal, the prelate and prince of the
Gael.

Slieve-Bloom and the purple Galtys, re-echo the
banshee's *caoine*,
By the grass-grown tomb of Cormac her pallid face
is seen.

Swells from the harp of Erin, a tremulous dirge of
woe;
The pride of her heart, her bravest, at Cashel to-day
lies low.

Who joyed in her hour of glory, who grieved her
wrongs to see,
As he joyed with his Lord on Thabor and sorrowed on
Calvary.

Noble his soul and lofty, his brow was clothed in
power;
His voice brought strength and comfort in the nation's
darkest hour.

When ye drain the unfathomed ocean, when ye
measure unbounded space,
Ye shall gauge the love of Banba for the purest of her
race.

Patriot, prince, and prelate, true to his land and creed,
Celt of the Celts, untainted, kingly in thought and deed.

We in our grief are selfish; golden his great reward,
Who toiled thro' stress of the noontide in the vineyard
of the Lord.

There is rest in the blissful region where our prelate
and prince has gone,
And only ours is the sorrow who wait for the breaking
dawn.

THE CONVENT BY THE SEA.

[Written by special request, for the Centenary celebration
of the Presentation Convent, Dungarvan, Ireland.]

Wave-circled in an ancient Land
I see its gray-walled cloisters stand,
On old Dungarvan's furrowed strand,
The Convent by the sea.
And twice each day the full tides flow
And twice the falling waters go
And fleecy sea-mists cover low
That Convent by the sea.

The wild Atlantic tempests sweep
In from the vast and wintry deep,
In arms of might they rock to sleep
The Convent by the sea.

But when the summer blossoms fair
How sweet the beauteous prospect there,
The flowery lawns, the perfumed air!
The shimmering, sapphire sea!

Within their sanctuary aisled,
Pray and adore the Sisters mild,
And to the Mother Undeiled,
Sing anthems by the sea!

There day by day God's Name is blessed,
His mercy and His love confessed,
The Lord holds dear within His breast
His Convent by the Sea.

"All ye with guilt and sorrow worn,
Back to the fold of Christ return,
While Mercy's beckoning torches burn,
That ransomed ye may be!
Cast off Sin's chains—no longer slave
Approach and view your opening grave"—
Such Message stern and high you gave
O Convent by the sea!

THE VISION OF THE SOUL.

St. Patrick once, an ancient legend tells,
Was called unto a man about to die,
And over many a weary mile he sped,
Of mountain and of forest and of lake,
Till in a shieling on a lonesome wold,
He found the man, and ministered into him;
Shriving his soul and with the holy oil
His limbs anointing for their journey long,
And with the Food of Angels strengthening him
To face the Judgment.

Afterwards the Saint
Urged by a voice from Heaven lingered yet,
Till death came there—and lo! he saw the soul
Like to an angel, leave its house of clay,
Clad in gold vesture like the risen sun,
All full of grace and beauty and delight!

And strange reluctance seemed to clog its steps,
Or ere it parted for the Judgment Seat,
For thrice it glided to the open door
And thrice returned and kissed full lovingly
Its own poor withered body where it lay!

And Patrick marvelling at what he saw,
Prayed for enlightenment, and lo! the Christ
Answered his prayer, and said: "This happy soul
Came back and kissed its earthly tenement,
In thankfulness for that in all its years,
That body had preserved the soul all clean,
And pure as driven snow, through pain and woe
And poverty, and fasting, and much fear."

Then Patrick homeward went, adoring God
And praising all his works, and back he sent
His people for the body of the saint;
Which when with all the Church's pride and pomp
Of ceremony, the obsequies were sung
He buried 'neath the chancel—graving deep:
"Here lieth one of Heaven's nameless saints,
But on the Last Day shall his lustre dim
The blinding glory of the Seraphim."

THE DEATH OF OSGAR, SON OF OSSIAN.

(From the Gaelic.)

They lifted him upon their brazen shields,
And brought him to a smooth and verdant hill,
And all the Fianna when they heard the tale,
Left their own dead—the father left his sons,
The son his dying sire—and crowding came
To mourn for Osgar, their delight and pride.

They took his armor off—not one hand's breath
Of his white body was without a wound!
Then Finn came noiseless there, and Osgar said,
Saluting: "I, in death, have my desire,
O mighty Finn." But Finn was wild with grief,
And broken, muttered: "Would that I were dead
In Osgar's place—the old before the young."
And Osgar, thinking to assuage his woe,
Spoke words he meant not, acting well a part,
Though no one was deceived: "And had you fallen
No man would hear me wailing after you,
For in me there was never human heart,
But heart of hardest horn, all ironshod!
And now in dying I am sorely vexed
To hear the groans of tough old fighting-men
Like women, keening one that dies content!"

Then Finn cried out, "O child of my own child,
Slender and fair,—my bitter woe that thou
Art stricken thus! Full old I feel and sad,
For thee and for our vanquished heroes all,
For glory of the Fianna passed away
Like morning mist!

Now farewell all renown,
And farewell feasting, now, and war, and spoil!
For every comfort that was ever mine
Has left my hold—I grasp at empty air.
All, all is lost!"

Then Osgar when he heard
These hopeless words, stretched out his wounded
hands,
Closed his grey eyes and died!

And Finn went off
A distance from the rest and wept aloud
And the few Fianna left gave three great shouts
Of haunting sorrow on that lonely hill!

THE MARCH OF THE ULTONIANS.

(From the Gaelic.)

Then forth they sent the herald, keen MacRoth,
Who climbed the heathery slope and searched afar
With eagle eye—and soon there came a noise
Like falling of the skies upon the land!
Or roaring of the ocean bursting banks,
Or myriad mighty trees that crashing down
In wintry tempest make the forest shake!
Then back he went to Ailell and to Maeve,
Bringing his story—and they quick enquired:
“What hast thou seen?” And answer made MacRoth:
“I saw a grey mist far across the plain
And a white flurry like the falling snow
And thro’ the mist fierce glinting sparks of fire
Like the cold stars upon a frosty night.”
Then Ailell unto Fergus: “Famed McRoy
Unfold to us the meaning of these signs.”

* * * * *

And Fergus said: “The mist was rolling dust
Before the march of Ulster; what seemed snow,
Foam-flakings from their champing horses’ bits
Tossed by the breeze of motion; and the stars,
Dread gleaming of ten thousand angry eyes
’Neath brazen helmets.”

Then spoke Connacht Maeve:
"Light do we reckon this, for we have here
Bold fighting men to stem that raging tide."
And Fergus answered: "Light and vain your
boast,
For not in Erin, nor on Alban plains
The host survives that may withstand the shock
Of charging Ulster, now their trance is past,
And war's wild trumpets shake the Northern hills."

OSSIAN'S COMPLAINT TO ST. PATRICK.

(After the Gaelic.)

O Patrick of the Croziers, Saint of God,
Bear with me now who am so old and sad,
I find my penance hard, and the sharp stones
Torture my knees! Once I was great and strong
And in the and battle took delight
When in the company of the Fianna
With Finn and Osgar, Keeltia and Conawn,
Life was one round of joys when Finn's swift
hounds,

Bran and Skolawn, and speedy-limbed Lomair
Ranged by our side.

The waves at Bundatrore
Sang ranns to us, and all the glancing leaves
Waved Druid spells before our eyes.

The birds
Awoke us in the morn to see the sun
Lift over Cruachan his shield of gold
Turning the pearl-pale lakes to sheets of flame
Within the fairest land of all the world!

O Patrick of the Prayers, hear me now;
Never again on earth will there be men
Like to the Fianna in field of war:
They broke the ridge of battle with their blows,
Roaring for joy! Yet after, at the feast,
How loving-kind and soft of voice they were;
Sweet comrades, do I live and ye are dead!

O Patrick of the Litanies, your power
Is great with God—ask Him that I may go
Into His heaven where I again may see
Osgar and Finn and Keeltia and Conawn,
For I am old and withered, and complain—
A lone reed rustling in a wintry pool!

THE HIGH KING.

A Christmas Play in Two Acts.

ACT I.

[*Scene: The royal palace of Erin at Tara-Luachra. The Ard-Righ and his Arch-Druid are seated on a wide balcony overlooking the historic plain of Tailtea. Two large wolf-hounds are reclining at the King's feet. The Druid is peering steadfastly towards the south-east. The King speaks*]:

"O Druid, wise beyond the rest of men!
What see'st thou?—the King of Erin speaks."

Druid:

I see the end of all our ancient line,
The overthrow of all our pagan gods;
I hear the four great waves of Erin moan,
The demons of the nether deep are stirred;

Their hosts crowd thick, and Balor's Evil Eye
Burns like a marsh-light in the tossing reeds
Amid their glimmering spears.

The race accursed
Of Cailitin that wove unholy spells
Is all enraged.

Our heroes well-beloved
Cuhoolin, Ferdiah, Ossian and Finn,
Rise up from out their graves and clangour make
With massy shields and weapons gory-smeared,
Bewailing that their lives were cast away
Because their hands are bloody and unfit
To welcome Him now born within the East."

The King:
If those illustrious heroes so lament
He must be more than man, for long ago
The dust hath dimmed the eyes of mighty Finn,
And Ossian's yellow hair—

But more, I pray.

The Druid:
I see a land far off, of colored hills,
And on a slope a little, flat-roofed town,
And o'er the town a star. And voices sing
In tones unearthly sweet a hymn of joy,
That all the earth is tremulous to hear:—
"He comes, he comes, the long-time promised God!
His star is shining on a thousand hills,
And all the heathen gods have passed away."

The King:
Dost see, O Druid, the Newly-Born One?

The Druid:

I see a cave, and cattle there within,
And in a corner, on a bed of straw
A little Child, and two that kneel by Him.
I cannot gaze upon Him for the light
That beats around Him; and the little grot,
And all the skies above it are athrong
With radiant spirits half invisible
Who call Him "Saviour," "Christ," and "Wond-
rous Lord."

The King:

O Druid, would that I could also see
This gentle God now come. I feel a strange,
New sweetness at the mention of His Name.
Full many a gift—a thousand torques of gold,
Cattle and flocks I would bestow on Him,
My jewelled crown itself, for now my soul
Is melting in my bosom and I see
That all the herds and birds and hills and fields
Look happy as though pain were passed away
And a new gladness come upon the earth."

Act II.

[Time: Nightfall. Scene: A low hill-top on the borders of Connacht. By the light of three flaming torches, the King and the Druid are seen seated in a sort of rude tent. The door opens on the south-east, and the innumerable camp-fires of a great army are burning on the plain below.]

The King:

Much have I pondered on that strange discourse
We held of late concerning a New King
But lately born. Oh, would, again I say,
That I could see Him, or the tiniest ray
That makes His glory;

Oh, that He would come
Full soon into our land, for I would fain
Lay all this kingdom at His blessed feet,
My people's homage and my people's hearts.

The Druid:

An inner light of which I am in sooth
All too unworthy, makes it known to me
That this New King must live to be a man
And suffer manifold, and die at last
Nailed to a cross, all sin to expiate,
Or ere His Kingdom will begin for us.
But in His own good time your gift He'll take
And make this land His glory-seat—but look!
What radiance is that within the East,
Or doth He give an answer to our prayer?

[The eastern heavens grow brighter and brighter with an unearthly radiance. A glorious star rises from the horizon, a beam of transcendently brilliant rays pointing down towards the earth!]

In the midst of these rays they see a most beautiful Infant, Who raises His hand as if in blessing. Then the star sets and is lost to view. The King and the Druid have knelt in lowly reverence.]

The King:

Now am I highly favored above all
The Kings of earth! How may I thank this God.
Who is my God, for I would serve Him now?

The Druid:

He may be served if we believe in Him
And His true reign expect. He must have love,
Pure lives devoted to His welcoming,
Our idols we must leave, and Him adore,
And cast away revenge, and ruthless war.

The King:

These things shall all be done, and first, if war
Be hateful to Him—this array of ours
Against Connacia, we must needs withdraw—
Art there, Donalga? Bid your general here,
Cath-Bar, to royal audience.

[Soldier enters, salutes King and retires. After some moments the great Chieftain Cath-Bar enters and makes obeisance. He is a man of gigantic build and clothed in armor of hide and bronze.]

The King:

Welcome, brave Cath-Bar, to my presence here;
I have some tidings that must end this war.
Tell all your chiefs and quickly have them stand
With twice five hundred of my body-guard,
Where I may view them.

Cath-Bar:

It shall quick be done,
Beloved and mighty King, whate'er you will;
The army is obedient unto death,
Your pleasure is their breath.

The King:

I know your love
And loyalty to me, yet hard it is
To stop the hounds that bait the panting stag,
Nor easy 'tis to draw this eager host
From plunder and the savage joys of war.

[The commander-in-chief retires and soon a war-like array is drawn up outside the tent. The moonlight gleams palely on helmet and axe and spear in serricd lines. The Ard-Righ goes on and addresses the army.]

Chieftains and warriors, full well I know
Your love for me, and that you'd gladly go
Into unequal battle for my sake
Tho' all the hosts of all the world were ranged
In horrid front against you.

Hear me now
And bend your minds to follow my intent:—
We have been wrong and all our gods are vain.
There is but one True God, who late has come
Into an eastern land to claim His own.
He is the God of Truth, and Love and Peace,
And since He is, He hateth war and strife,
Wherefore we must return and wait His reign,
Confiding in Him and adoring Him.
If, therefore, warriors, you hear my words
And with their gist agree, fling down your shields
In sign, upon the hard and frozen earth."

[The shields of all are cast down upon the ground with a tremendous sound. A brilliant light appears in the east. The King points towards it, and the warriors turn and gaze. The star arises once more, and the Divine Infant is seen with hand upraised in blessing.]

The radiance of the star gleams on a thousand brazen helmets, and flames upon their naked swords, then the vision disappears. The King speaks in solemn tones]:

Lo! now the sign that I have spoken true
That loving God does not our love disdain—
But go! dear friends, for I would think and pray!

[The army marches off. The King and the Druid kneel down in solemn prayer; their faces turned towards the east. The curtain falls.]

PART 2

SONNETS

SONNETS

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The shock of Time and change she doth withstand,
Throned on the Seven Hills where flowed of old,
The sanguine torrents of her martyrs bold
Facing the tyrants' hate with courage grand!
Her giant temples looming o'er the land
Shall still endure when Egypt's sands have rolled
Above the pyramids—and silence cold
Shall brood where now the nations' seats are planned!

Nor world, nor flesh, nor demon shall prevail
To break her sway, or mar her front serene,
Nor centuries dim her fair, perennial youth.
Divine is she; and all that her assail
Shall drink God's wrath—her sanction shall be seen
Of Heaven the pillar, and the Ground of Truth!

THE MARCH OF TIME.

Palmyra's storied streets are lonely now,
And strewn with broken columns where the crowd
Surged to her shows and praised her gods aloud.
The level sun athwart the desert's brow
Mocks at her fall, nor will her fame allow;
Yet to her kings a hundred nations bowed
And o'er the plain her marbles temples proud
Glistened like foam before a galley's prow.
Persepolis whose palaces outshone
The sunset hues,—Baalbec's mighty wall
Karnac and Luxor and the Delphian pride
All, all before the march of Time have gone
The glories of the world decay and pall
And Tyre lies prone her soundless sea beside.

THE PROFESSION.

A holy stillness fills the very air,
The tapers flicker, and the organ sobs
Like a soft wind;—almost the heart's deep throbs
Are heard aloud, and whisperings of prayer!
Down the white aisle they go, Christ's chosen Fair,
Leaving the world and all its vaunted hopes,
To walk with Him on Calvary's mystic slopes,
And find "the peace that all surpasseth" there!
And down that aisle the Saviour with them goes
The wonder of His presence all can feel
The perfume of His garments breathes around.
High Heaven is open and its bliss o'erflows
Along the way where radiant angels kneel—
Their Chosen Spouse, His chosen ones have found!

PHOENICIA.

Her power was great three thousand years ago
Her swarming galleys vexed the ocean wave,
Purple of Tyre in rich exchange they gave
For thread of Serca; and the candent glow
Of Ophir's gold for gorgeous-colored show
Of Cashmere's tissues—or the pageant brave
Of Lydian tapestries;—and north winds drave
The Baltic amber 'gainst their quarters low!
Her people bowed to gods of wood and stone,
And like the western clouds when dies the sun,
Her halcyon days have quenched their transient
fire.
Old Ocean mourns around her harbors lone,
And o'er her marts where now the sands lie dun,
The desert mirage lights a funeral pyre!

LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS.

I look below—Niagara's torrent white
Is eager hurrying to the dread abyss;
I hear its thunder as the waters hiss
Over the awful brink, to plunge from sight
In seething spray! Confusion at its height
Is pictured there;—but here on convent walls,
The radiant glow of even gently falls
And all is harmony and holy quiet!
Like some blest soul on Heaven that ever dreams,
Bending its chastened look beyond the skies,
Regardless of the tumults of the world—
So, crowned with peace this cloistered abbey seems,
And on its peerless heights serene doth rise,
While deep below the raging floods are hurled!

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

High o'er Ontario's wave serene it stands
Its massive walls deep-set, defying Time!
A monument of trust and faith sublime,
A Pharos Tow'r to light these glorious lands!
Forth from these hallowed halls shall march the bands
Of priestly warriors to wage afar,
'Neath Christ's blest Cross, the never-ending War
And conquer realms unto His loved commands!
Here shall the godly sage his lore impart
The Church's store of wisdom be outpoured
The Saints' and Martyrs' constancy be taught!
Here Piety shall fire the Levite's heart
And in his hand shall place bright Learning's sword
To cleave the ranks of Error, fearing naught!

THE PAGEANT OF THE LORD.

[Eucharistic Congress, Montreal.]

The Royal City of the Mountain stands,
With hands outstretched inviting to her gate
The princes of her church. Proud and elate
She bids them welcome to the hallowed lands,
Where Cartier, and Maisonneuve's commands,
Conquered a kingdom to the church's rule,
With desperate valor warding off the cruel
And warlike Iroquois' beleaguering bands!
On through the streets the great procession goes
The faithful kneel upon the flower-strewn way!
Sweet incense burns, and golden banners shine!
And from a hundred thousand hearts there flows,
The rapt hosanna of the soul to-day,
To greet their Eucharistic Lord Divine!

THE GAELIC TONGUE.

This is the mystic language heard of old,
In ancient Erin when the enchanted Sidhe
Danced to weird music over glen and lea—
When Oisin's horn awakened hill and wold!
This is the tongue whose slogan thundered bold
At famed Clontarf beside the ensanguined sea,
And scattered fear at Beal-an-atha-buidhe,
Where the fierce tide of Uladh's battle rolled!

Soft as the summer's breath o'er clover fields,
Yet trenchant as the fabled sword of light,
The dread Cleev Solish that swift Oscar wields
In Tir-na-n-Og, the high reward of might!
Clear as the rays that flashed from Finian shields,
Wild-sweet as fairy-music thro' the night.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

Pavilioned 'neath a canopy of gold
Down the long aisle the Lord of Heaven goes
Through pictured windows colored radiance glows,
And the great organ swells its thunder bold!
Sweet incense rises as in days of old
When chiefs and kings from jewelled thrones up-
rose
To follow humbly with the throng that flows
In Christ's grand Eucharistic host enrolled!
There is no earthly triumph like to this,
No pomp of war or glinting steel is there—
It is the Lord of Peace and Love that comes,
The world's unhallowed pageantry we miss—
But high in heaven angelic trumpets blare
And radiant cohorts roll reverberant drums.

THE BOOK OF KELLS.

O wondrous book that after all the years
Flashes in beauty rare without a flaw,—
These wildering lines that conquer Nature's law
Were traced by art angelic pow'r that nears!
Mayhap those Irish monks were prophet-seers,
And heavenly models viewed to guide their skill,
Else why our souls should holy raptures thrill
And as we gaze high anthems reach our ears?

Proud boast of Ireland, monument sublime,
Of patient faith, and rev'rence for God's word,
No jewel like to this the nations hold!
Unsullied by the blood and tears of Time,
Meet type of Erin's faith to-day unblurred
By modern fraud—unblemished as of old!

NIAGARA.

Incessantly thy waters thus have rolled
Through the dim aeons of unmeasured Time,
While God was fashioning His work sublime,
Or ere His sulphurous forges could grow cold!
When Egypt loved Osiris and retold
His charmed birth from out Nilotic slime,
When Chaldea read the stars, and Homer's rhyme
Was yet undreamt—Niagara thundered bold.

So night and day throughout converging years
Hoarse voices rose above the hissing spray
Scaring the lonely Indian on the shore!
These bellowing chasms harbored nameless fears—
Demons and dragons in contorted play
Lashing the frightened waters evermore!

JOHN KEATS.

By "magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn"
Tranquilly his spirit dwells, to joy reborn,
And hears the nightingale in his true home
Where nevermore can grief or sadness come,
Or "leaden-eyed despairs" or cruel scorn,
But "verdurous glooms" resound the beetle's horn
And murmurous wings round lush musk-roses hum!

There doth he drink "the blushful Hippocrene
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stained mouth," and crowding round
Souls of the great come there, and angels lean
From golden parapets to gaze on him,
Rapt listeners to his lyre's mellifluous sound!

THE EASTER DAWN.

On Moab's hills the dawn is breaking pale,
The tranced vales lie still, the huddled sheep,
Within their guarded folds contented sleep,
The languid breezes on their courses fail;
For through the skies from angel wings exhale
Celestial odors, and the shoulders steep
Of Lebanon with precious unguents dree—
Fair Nature waits her risen King to hail.

And lo! a crash of heavenly music breaks
The stillness, and a blinding shaft of light
Strikes from the dark recesses of the skies!
Now is the stone rolled back, the Saviour takes
His way untrammelled, clad in dazzling white;
O Risen Christ! make all our souls so rise.

THE CHAPEL CAR.

Of old, Christ walked the wilderness alone,
Hearing afar the plaint of the lost sheep,
He crossed the torrent and the rocky steep,
In pain and sorrow searching for His own!
And now in later day this Western zone
Sees Him still following where sinners weep;
Here in this modern Ark, He tryst doth keep
With yearning hearts—His mercy yet is shown!
Swiftly He travels o'er the weary waste
Till prairie wild and burning desert blend
With rushing river and with mountain scar;
And as of yore in Etham He is traced;
For in the day His pillar-clouds ascend,
And in the night His beacon flames afar.

KEDRON.

Hard by the Holy City's walls it flows,
Part lost and buried in the calcined soil,
As shrunken from the centuries' heat and toil,
And hiding from the guilt and shame it knows.
See Josaphat its judgment-gates unclose
As Kedron hurries from that charnel-place,
Along the Vale of Fire, to end its race,
Plunged in the bitter Sea of Sodom's woes!

Ah! little stream, how poignantly to-day
Thy very name recalls the Saviour's tears!
And brings His night of Agony to mind!
When from the Supper Room He took His way
Across thy torrent, filled with gathering fears,
To dree Gethsemane for human kind!

THE VIRGIN IN HEAVEN.

The Virgin-Mother sits in heaven serene,
Mild is her countenance, unearthly fair,
The stars of night are jeweled in her hair,
Iridescent the rainbow's tints are seen
Woven in her robes. The summer-morning's sheen
Splendors her eyes, and bathes her forehead where
The glory-crown, beyond all bright compare,
Flames forth with myriad gems in lustre keen.
Her sorrows dark are turned to joy for aye,
Her tears are diamonds to grace her state;
She looks on Beth'lem and Golgotha's way,
Then joyful turns to view her Son elate,
Who rules o'er all as doth the sun the day,
Safe from the darts of sin or demons' hate.

THE NEW ST. HELEN'S.

[Opened and blessed Jan. 16, 1910.]

Like some great ocean-liner bold and vast,
With shape superb it cuts the ambient air!
A citadel of Christ—His ark of prayer,
God's armory wherein His strength is massed!
Our fleeting years, our lives, are fading fast,
But this shall stand when all are swept away,
To witness unto God in future day,
And speaks of sacrifice and service past!
The multitudes press in with faith to kneel,
Before the Altar where His majesty
Is veiled in mercy from their human sight,
And gazing on that pillared vault they feel
Their work is good, and God is pleased to see
This gracious Temple crown the city's height.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Wild genius of the Gael, thy migrant soul,
Sick of the streets and of the garrets dim
Soared on the wings of Poesy, to skim
The glowing Orient skies; thy favored goal
Rose-gardened Ispahan, whose perfumes stole
Thy senses all; or Bagdad's "Gorgeous shows"
Or "Silken Samarkand" whose fountain flows
Past Omar's minarets and Haroun's mole.
Yet ever back to thy "Dark Rosaleen,"
Thy soul returned to wake thy country's lyre,
And sweet lament her heroes passed away;
For Erin was thy sorrow-haunted Queen
And called from thee thy purest minstrel-fire
And holds thy heart,—yea, until Judgment Day!

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The night is dark, and dreary is the way,
The rocky way that winds among the hills,
Fierce lightning flashes, and the thunder thrills
The deep ravines—but yet He will not stay!
He leaves the fold to follow where they stray,
The erring ones whose love His bosom fills
His feet are wounded and His blood in rills
Purples the lichens and the boulders gray!
And onward still He hastens through the night
For faint afar He hears the lost ones' moan,
And the Good Shepherd hurries to their side—
Sweet Lord, enlighten us to know aright
This priceless love—to live for Thee alone,
And die for Thee, who for our ransom died!

TO ERIN'S SAINT.

Dear Saint in heaven, on this thy holy feast
We come to thee, thy children scattered far
'Neath South'ron Cross and flashing Boreal star.
Pray God, O Saint, our Faith may be increased.
Lo! now the sunburst in the gorgeous east!
Grim shadows that our shamrocked valleys mar
By that strong glance annihilated are,
Their reign of chill obscurity has ceased.
E'en thus before the ardor of thy pray'r
Shall skeptic doubts from out our island fly;
Monsters of pride and lust, in Truth's white glare
Their hideousness disclosed shall faint and die,
And Banba, as of old, all pure and fair,
Cleansed from her stains shall greet the approving
sky!

ST. PATRICK'S PRAYER.

On Cruachan he stood, the apostle bold,
And gazed upon his land and found it good;
Beneath his feet lay many a mighty wood,
And many a lake in noon-tide splendor stoled!
An hundred verdant valleys lay unrolled,
'Neath rock-walled peaks where throve the eagle's
brood,
And stately rivers flung their ample flood,
Far-flashing in the sun, like cloth of gold!
And Patrick prayed that this great gift be given
To him as prize for all his labors past,
Insistently he prayed with sob and moan:
"Lord, in your Golden Book in highest heaven,
Write: 'Erin shall be faithful to the last,
Yea, till on Judgment-morn the trump is blown.' "

FEAST OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

This is the flood that cleansed the earth's foul guilt,
The precious rain that washed all stain away!

Long had the race been pining for this day
When on Golgotha's height for us was spilt
This rich effusion from the urn uptilt

Of Jesus' heart. The world all sad and gray
Grew joyful then, and round His lambs at play
The sheltering fold of Christ's great Church was
built.

This flood that like a mighty river rolls,

Out from the Cross whereon the Crucified

Hung for long hours the cynosure of scorn;
Salvation brings to myriad sinful souls

And the red billows of its plenteous tide

Shall wash and save the nations yet unborn!

THE PENTECOSTAL TRIUMPH.

Laden with gifts the Paraclete descends

Upon the chosen twelve to breathe His power,

Frail, trembling men are they until this hour,

But at His touch their courage all transcends!

The brutal force of Pagan Rome that bends

The pliant world, shall never make them cower,

Princes may rage and thrones of darkness lower,

But, braving all, God's saints shall work His ends.

The Flavian Amphitheatre shall flow

With martyrs' blood, and on the seven hills

Echo the Christian's moan, the Pagan's glee,

But all their thirty thousand gods shall go

Back to the Stygian pool that horror fills—

Great Pan lies dead beside the plangent sea!

HIDDEN WORTH.

I saw the sunbeams on a dark crag fall,
Flooding with rosy light each gaping seam,
And flow'rets bright and pure began to gleam
Where erst methought was gloom beyond recall!
How many lives that wear a seeming pall,
Not void of love and merit we should deem!
When willeth God to make it known, they teem
With holy deeds and pray'r, resplendent all!
We dare not judge the lowliest; *He* did take
An humble fisher for His bosom friend
And promised Paradise to sinners hoar.
In trust and holier striving we should make
Our daily journey towards the endless End,
Where swell the heavenly anthems evermore

LEAVING NAZARETH.

The Passion Tide draws near and Christ must go
From Mary's side and peaceful Nazareth,
To face men's fury and a woeful death,
Between two thieves, while lurid lightnings glow!
That all mankind, beholding Him might know,
His heart was breaking for us, underneath
His broken flesh and piercing thorn-wreath!
God's Son become a mockery and a show!
Ah! but 'twas sad as death itself to part
From His sweet Mother and His childhood home,
And she, who all foresaw, was sick with fear,
Already felt she in her burning heart,
The cruel sorrow-sword so soon to come,
And Calvary's hammers smote her tortured ear!

LA BELLE FRANCE.

She shall lift up her comely head again,
The Church's eldest daughter—she shall cast,
The brood of vipers from her breast at last,
Who seek to strangle her with might and main.
Lo! the long years of anarchy and pain,
Are ended, and her triumph nearing fast,
God's anger like a searching northern blast,
Shall sift the tares and cockle from the grain.

She shall take back her laurels in her hand—
Glories of Pepin and of Charlemagne—
Of Bayard and her peerless knights of old!
The martyred Maid shall save her beauteous land
And her great cities that with tumult rang
Christ's snow-white banner shall again unfold.

THE MAGI.

One came from out the rich, mysterious East,
From lands of Ind where monstrous mountains soar,
And one came sailing from Hellene's shore,
Where now the Sybil's solemn tones had ceased.
And as the roseate light of morn increased,
A third great King athwart the Desert bore
From Egypt's land of pyramid and lore—
His camels decked for carnival or feast!

And those three mighty Kings knelt low before
A little Child within a manger laid,
Piling their precious gifts beneath His eyes,
Praying He would accept them, o'er and o'er,
The while poor Joseph and the Mother-Maid,
Gazed on that gorgeous pageant with surprise.

JOHN DE BREBEUF.

Here upon Martyr's Hill Brebeuf stood bound.
While 'gainst him raged the cruel Iroquois.
Their bloody knives and searing brands he saw,
'And heard their bestial yelping all around!
And when his quivering nerves to pulp they ground,
And forced red fire into his bruises raw,
To make him quail, his soul betrayed no flaw,
He prayed, but uttered no complaining sound!
Then in their demon hate they took his life.
Tearing that strong heart out that they might eat,
And be like him a lion scorning fear!
Huron's hero died 'mid hideous strife.
His spirit soared his Saviour's love to meet,
And mournful night fell o'er the forest drear!

CUCHULLIN OF MURHEVNA.

This is the god-like youth whose dazzling fame
Ever increasing, o'er the land shall rise
Till the stark mountains stir, and echoing skies,
Thrill to the clamor of his mighty name!
Full many a war-like queen and noble dame
Shall worship all in vain his beauty's guise,
For manifold the glories of his eyes,
Peerless his skill in battle's dreaded game!
Hail to thee, "Hound of Ulster!" lord of war,
Glory of Erin! in our gaze to-day
Like some majestic mountain seen afar,
Thy shadow looms above our land alway,
Encrowned with roseate Fancy's triple star
Aureoled with Romance's tinted ray.

POPE PIUS X.

From Venice, radiant City of the Sea,
Where all earth's beauty blossoms like a flame,
To Tiber's shore at call of Christ he came,
The guardian of His mighty realm to be;
And sad to leave his cherished home was he,
But murmured not to lift the burden sore,
Though well he knew, once lifted, nevermore
Venezia's glories would be his to see!

O gentle Ruler of the Vatican,
Thy faithful people compass thee with love,
And heaven they pray to strengthen thee and
spare.
May all thine enemies that plot and plan,
Be foiled, and myriad blessings from above,
Make all thy reign a triumph passing fair!

THE CAVE-MAN.

The cosmic fear his panting bosom filled,
For day and night to him with peril were fraught,
His household to a mighty cliff he brought,
And on its dizzy top a home did build;—
But gazing round, his quaking soul was thrilled
To view the monstrous shapes that wandered by!
Huge flying dragons darkened all the sky,
And at the mammoth's roar his heart was stilled!

He burrowed in the rock a narrow home,
With stones and brushwood closing up the door,
That so his Enemy the spot might miss!
No light from heaven to his abode could come,
He knew not that God's pity brooded o'er—
He knew not the revolving world was his!

JUXTA CRUCEM.

The Mother's heart is bowed in bitter woe,
As by the Cross she sees the soldier pierce
Her dead Son's side. The Jewish rabble fierce,
Muttering maledictions downward go,
Unto the city gates. Pallid and low
The setting sun ne'er looked on scene so drear;
The world is sick with pain and poignant fear,
And spectral shadows mar the evening's glow!
Behold fair Israel's Lily beaten down
By storm and stress,—tear-stained, divinely pale!
Behold and weep, ye sinners—yours the guilt
That scourged her Son, and twined His sorrow-crown!
Oh, pray for us, white Lily of the Vale,
That not in vain for us His blood be spilt.

IN ACADIE.

The sullen waters sob by Minas' shore,
And Blomidon has donned a veil of tears;
For often thus the sadness of the years
Falls on this storied land—like moonlight o'er
The empty harvest fields;—pale dreams of yore,
Of those long-vanished days ere all thy fears,
O Acadie, came true;—and woe that sears
Pierced loving hearts that ne'er knew grief before!
Lovely thou wert, O Acadie the blest!
Beside thy guardian sea in beauty rare,
A paradise where innocence might stray;
Thy after-fate was as some sinless breast,
Black guilt invades, and God's fair image there
Is marred and all its gladness gone for aye!

PART 3

RELIGIOUS
AND
OCCASIONAL POEMS

RELIGIOUS
AND
OCCASIONAL POEMS

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Hear the angels' gladdening song!

Gloria! Gloria!

Juda's hills re-echo long;

Gloria in Excelsis.

Timorous shepherds, why this fear?

Ended now your vigils drear,

Christ the Lord is born full near!

In excelsis Deo!

Go ye down to Bethlehem town,

Gloria! Gloria!

David's place of blest renown,

Gloria in Excelsis!

Marvel not the signs you see:

Godhead veiled in infancy!

Grandeur in humility!

In excelsis Deo!

Be your childlike faith undimmed,

Gloria! Gloria!

This is Whom the Prophets hymned!

Gloria in Excelsis.

See Him in the crib recline,

Guarded by the wondering kine!

Lo! your mystic God and mine!

In excelsis Deo!

This is He upraised shall die,
 Gloria! Gloria!
While His lightnings limn the sky!
 Gloria in Excelsis.
Dread with portents, girt with fears,
This is He shall whelm the spheres!
When His day of wrath appears!
 In excelsis Deo!

Let us enter unafraid,
 Gloria! Gloria!
Lo! the saint and stainless maid!
 Gloria in Excelsis!
Radiant Child aglow with love,
Fostered by the hovering Dove,
Lift our souls to heaven above!
 In excelsis Deo!

NOCTURNE.

Sweet Lord, how doth it fare with Thee alone,
Here on Thine altar, when the creeping gloom
Sifts through the windows, and the weary world
Is drowned in dreams? When over the hushed fields
The night-fog like a sheeted phantom looms?
What thinkest Thou, O Lord, that vigil keep'st
Like the untiring and undying stars?
Do wondrous memories arise of nights
At Nazareth when with Mary Thou didst watch,
The moon o'er Moab's mountain sail serene,
Amid the splendor of the Orient skies?
Or when with Peter and the fishermen
Thou saw'st the myriad orbs reflected fair
In silver Galilee!

Or, dearest Lord,
Dost ponder Thou that woeful night of fear
And tumult and dismay, when to and fro,
Thro' Zion's streets the mocking rabble surged,
Till at the cry of chanticleer, there flushed
The lurid dawn that ushered tragedy
With ominous hollow sound of plank on plank!

MUTATION.

The years fly by, the seasons burn and fade,
The leaf expands, the flowers bloom and fall,
The summer's 'breast is chilled and winter broods,
With icy wings above the frozen world.
The faces of the young have subtly changed
And ere we know it they are lined with care,
And Age is writing round their wistful eyes
His fatal runes.

Our cherished friends depart
And join the sad procession to the tomb.
All, all is change and dread mutation here,
This world is not our lasting dwelling-place,
Already doth the sombre evening close
About our steps and steadfastly there comes
The Angel, Death, with earnest, awful eyes,
Reading our souls. So let us quick to work
To garner up our harvest for the Lord—
The sheaves upstanding of a blameless life,
The golden grains of Virtue and of Truth;
That so the Husbandman may welcome us
Where sorrows cease and pain shall be no more.

"OPERA MANUUM HOMINUM."

They stand in awful ruin by the Nile,
Where Thebes of old had site—the temples twain,
Karnak and Luxor—marvelous works of man;
Gigantic columns lifting to the skies
Stupendous masses!

On the fissured walls,
Fantastic and mysterious carvings tell
The deeds of ancient kings, and dynasties
Grown hoar in history's twilight!

Far in front
Stretch avenues of Sphinxes, by whose feet
The chariots of triumph rumbled in,
When the grey world was young, and Egypt's yoke
Oppressed the peoples.

Now man's glory lies
In dust supine—the pulverizing march
Of ruthless Time those ponderous pillars shook,
And ere that Israel troubled Pharaoh's heart,
On plinth and pediment the night-birds screamed!
And lizards scurried o'er the splintered tiles.

OUR LADY OF DOLOURS.

Her head is bowed in anguish, and the tears
Fall fast upon her meekly-folded hands.
Deep wells of pain her eyes, that ever see
A tortured Body writhing on a Cross,
Dark-limned against a low and lurid sky!

THE ANGELUS.

The sun is in the West, his cloudy tent
Flames in a sea of colors ambient;
Fair, transient glories reaching far and high,
Throb in the bent pavilion of the sky!
O'er hill and vale, o'er forest, field, and stream,
Ethereal reflections glow and gleam.

It is a holy hour, yon belfry gray
Rings out its message to the parting day.
Ave Maria! Ah, how soft and low
The prayerful echoes on their errand go!
Ave Maria! Hail! O mother mild,
Our hearts leap out to thee, the undefiled.
Our souls are rapt—our pains are all forgot,
God's sons are we and heaven is our lot.
Ave Maria! now the echoes die,
And the rose-flush is paling in the sky!
A wistful sadness claims our senses all,
While shades like death-wings round about us fall
Ave Maria! Hear, O Maiden Queen,
And from thy starry throne to aid us, lean!

THE ASCENSION.

Lone are the streets of Nazareth,
And lone the white Judean roads,
For to His Father's blest abodes,
Christ mounts, in spite of sin and death!

In Bethany no more they see
His form along the beaten way,
His friends, heart-broken, weep and say:
"We miss His face in Galilee!"

"We miss Him in the Temple yard,
We miss Him at Bethseda's pool,
And in the doctors' biased school,
His Father's truths are daily marred!

The poor and wretched in the land,
The lepers in their desert caves,
The very dead within their graves
Moan ceaseless for His healing hand!"

So earth is wistful for His feet,
The waters wail that miss His eyes,
While far beyond the furthest skies
Angelic choirs their Master greet!

THE APOCALYPSE.

On Patmos see the great Apostle stand,
His eagle glance beholding furthest heaven;
O wondrous gift!—for him, at God's command
The barriers of time to come, are riven!
The hidden things of earth and sky he sees,
The Future's page, the rise and fall of dynasties!

Behold around the awful throne of God,
The Seraphim in glorious array,
Imperial spirits waiting on His nod,
Whose lustre shames the feeble glow of day;
Majestic shapes in adoration bowed,
And Saints and Martyrs crowned, a never ending
crowd!

Apocalypse! O vision most sublime,
How poor our wisdom in thy light appears!
We shrink within the narrow realm of Time—
Eternity looms dread with nameless fears!
How shall we, weak and sinful, stand alone,
Before the searching blaze of God's white judgment
Throne?

Lord, Who wilt send Thine angel strong to stand
Upon the frightened sea, and on the shore,
When echoing far, that terrible command
Shall shake the earth and skies: "Time is no
more!"
Oh, then in love Thy mercy to us lend—
Thou Alpha, Omega, our Source, our Endless End!

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Thrice happy lake that heard the Master's voice
And lapsed to silence underneath its spell!
And happy shores whereon He loved to walk,
Discoursing with His own.

This is indeed
The Saviour's land, each hill and vale around
Speaks of His presence.

When the blue waves play
In laughing sunshine, and the sweet wild flowers
Bend low to greet them while the birds sing out,
And subtle gladness fills the very air.
Then comes He here once more, albeit unseen,
To tread the ancient paths He loved of yore,
And hear the fisher's cry along the deep.

IN NOCTE PLORANS.

I dreamt a dream in which I seemed to tread
A lonesome way thro' lands of fading light!
My wounded feet o'er thorns and boulders bled,
Still must I hurry on despite the gathering night!

Above, the mighty boughs of ancient trees,
In serried ranks, dread, gloomy arches framed,
Whose awful stillness felt no passing breeze,—
Nor flowers, nor laughing buds their gentler homes
here claimed!

And onward still I toiled, my mind intent
To gain some refuge ere that night could fall!
But deadly fear grew on me as I went,
Or ere I prayed aloud, "O Mother, hear my call!"

Star-mild her face—she came with angel-band,
To save me in the wilderness alone!
Tender her smile as eke she took my hand
And led me from the dark e'en to the Saviour's throne!

* * * * *

So in my waking hours when sorrows loom
Or fell temptations threaten and increase,
I call on Mary and those shapes of doom,
She hurls to outer gloom—light shines—and all is
Peace!

THE CONQUERORS.

The dead, O Lord, the only conquerors are—
The blest who die in Thee.
No anxious boding theirs, or ceaseless war,
That mortals' portion be;
But, placed serene, they gaze on earth and star:
Their cloudless bliss for aye no storm or stress can
mar.

Dread the uncertainty surrounds us here,
A prey to myriad ills;
Life's chalice, that we quaff with hope or fear,
Oft-stooping Sorrow fills;
Time passes, and we wither year by year.
Ah, well if we have kept our Great Exemplar near!
Loving and mild, dear Lord that walked of yore
Bethsaida's pool beside.
Thou Thorn-Crown'd! Thy patience we adore,
Scourged for our guilt and pride!
Oh, strengthen us till stress and strife be o'er,
And conquerors we stand on heaven's resplendent
shore!

MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

In wonder lost I view the picture fair,
The world's great masterpiece that penciled was
By Raphael Sanzio.

In love and pain
His more than earthly genius labored here,
To catch the irised hues and gleams of heaven,
'And blend them with our pale, subnuvolar lights!

On the soft clouds the Mother stands sublime,
Girt round about with cherubs—like some tall
And stately lily in a rose's bower.
Safe in her arms rests the Child Divine
That looks upon the world with infant grace,
Yet with a consciousness of high emprise,
Previsioning afar His Father's work!
And the dread dawn that ushered Calvary!

CHRIST AND THE MAGDALENE.

[*St. Luke, chap. vii., 44-48.*]

Proud Simon, seest thou the woman here!
Thou gavest me no welcome when I came,
No water gavest thou to cool my feet,
But this poor sinner washed them with her tears!

O Pharisee, how cold and harsh thy look!
Thou hastened not to greet me at the door,
No kiss of friendship didst thou proffer me,
But lo! she hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

My weary feet all wounded for mankind,
And throbbing head that wears a thorny crown!
Thou didst not, Simon, soothe my head with oil,
But she with precious ointment salved my feet!

Wherefore I say, O woman, be rejoiced;
Thy faith hath made thee whole, thy burning love
Hath all consumed thy past iniquities;
Rejoice, rejoice, thy sins are washed away.

THE DOOM OF TYRE!

[*Ezekiel, chapters 27 and 28.*]

Take, son of man, the word of God to Tyre,
That dwelleth at the entry of the sea;
Thou, Tyre, hast said: "I am full beautiful
And dominate the seas." With Sanir fir
Thy mighty ships are built; and Lebanon
Sends her tall cedars for thy masts—thine oars
Are oak of Basan—all thy benches gleam
With Indian ivory, and from Egypt's looms
The broidered linen for thy sails is brought—
Purple and blue from far Elissa's isles.

In thy rich marts are treasures of the East,
And spoils of argosies: bright cloth of gold
And priceless silks, and carpets interwove
With tints that shimmer like the western clouds
At set of sun.

Thy King bedecks himself
With flashing gems of topaz, jasper, beryl,
Sapphire and emerald, until he vaunts:
(Puffed up with pride): "I am not man, but God,
And reign like God within my circling seas!"

But hark, and listen now, Jehovah speaks;
For all thy pride and sinful luxury,
My wrath shall scourge thee; far among the waves
Thy fleets shall founder and the hissing deeps
Engulf thy merchandise,—thy treasures all,
Thy pilots, mariners, and men of war!

And I will cause strong nations with the sword
To fall upon thee and to work thy doom,
So men shall weep who gaze upon thy site,
And weep again and cry: "What city now
Is like to Tyre, a charnel-house of death!
All silent at the entry of her seas?"

MICHAEL ANGELO'S STATUE OF MOSES.

Behold the humble shepherd once that served,
Jethro the Madianite, till called by God,
To a high mission, from the Burning Bush.
Well hath the artist shaped that visage stern,
And limbs colossal—fit to cope with kings;
The eyes of fire whose burning glances oft
Affrighted Pharaoh!

Lo! the pow'rful hand!
That struck the Nile to blood, and overthrew
"Busiris and his Memphian chivalry."
Well might prone Egypt fear that awful scowl
And Israel tremble when from Sinai's peak
He strode, all horned with rays, enraged to view,
Their fatuous homage to the golden calf.
The Canaanite and Ammonite he smote
The Hethite, Jebusite and Pharesite
Reeled from his blows!

But the Death Angel came
Ere his full triumph—he was stronger far
Than Israel's law-giver—a grave unknown
Claimed the spent body, in the Moab land
Over against Phagor, where God's angels guard
His mighty dust, who mourned on Nebo's height.

BETHLEHEM TOWN.

Bethlehem! fair Bethlehem Town
What joy is yours to-night!
The Christ long-promised hath come down
To thrill our yearning sight!

From Nazareth of Galilee
Two weary pilgrims came
To far Judea there to be,
Enrolled in Cæsar's name.

The skies were dark o'er Bethlehem,
But Moab's hills afar,
Gleamed with a lustre strange to them,
Beneath the new-born Star!

The shepherds out on Hebron's plain,
Their flocks to guard by night,
Heard the rapt Angelic strain,
And saw the Seraphs bright!

"Sweet peace on Earth—good will to men,"
Sang the celestial choir.

"Go ye to Bethlehem and then
Behold your hearts' desire."

"Now let us journey in to view
This Word," the shepherds cried;
Nor stayed till by the manger, too,
They knelt at Joseph's side!

And we will follow them to-night,
The new-born King to praise,
Who left His glorious throne of light,
Our souls from sin to raise!

Bethlehem Town, sweet Bethlehem,
In all fair Juda's crown,
Thou art indeed the loveliest gem,
So wide thy blest renown!

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Hail, full of grace, before the starry choir,
Sang in the dawn thy glories were decreed,
Thou wert to come in man's most bitter need,
Ending his woes—the weeping world's desire!

Hail, full of grace, with lilies in his hand,
See Gabriel descending from the skies,
To welcome him the voice of Nature cries,
And smiling sunshine gladdens all the land.

Hail, full of grace, Jehovah's dreaded wrath
Is now averted, and the demon host
Shrink back in terror—vain their wicked boast—
Emmanuel's sword out-flashing bars their path!

TO THE MADONNA.

Blest Mother of the Child Divine,
That guardest Him with boundless love,
How sweet 'twill be in realms above
To see the splendor that is thine.

He placed thee by His flashing throne,
His mighty choirs before thee bow;
Thy face outshines their lustre now,
For all His glory is thine own.

Madonna sweet, that clasped His form,
A helpless Babe at Nazareth,
And bore Him safe from fear and death,
Thro' desert drear and blinding storm!

Ah! not unmindful of these days,
He crowns thy sorrows now with joy,
With rapture that hath no alloy,
Thy mother kindness he repays.

Madonna, in our hour of need,
When round us loom the powers of hell.
With Him, thine own, Who loves thee well,
O blest Madonna! intercede!

CHRIST IS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

Hark! the seraph-hymns afar!
Christ is born! Christ is born!
Lo! the lustrous shining Star!
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Shepherds joy on Mamrez' Plain,
Passed forever doubt and pain,
At the angels' sweet refrain:
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Long shall favored Zion hold,
Christ is born! Christ is born!

Memory of this grace untold.

Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Hopes that myriad bosoms thrilled,

Faith from sire to son instilled,

Juda's prophets, all fulfilled!

Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Come, ye chosen ones of God,

Christ is born! Christ is born!

See the flower of Jesse's rod;

Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Come, ye Gentiles, and adore,

From dim Thulé's farthest shore;

Ye are outcasts now no more;

Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Who shall sound the mystery?

Christ is born! Christ is born!

Poor and weak He willed to be!

Christ is born in Bethlehem!

'Neath the stable's lowly shade,

He that Earth and Heaven made!

Think, O man, in pride arrayed!

Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Let us haste with offerings meet,

Christ is born! Christ is born!

Kneeling glad at Jesus' feet,

Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Gold and myrrh and incense bring,

Homage to the new-born King,

While the angelic anthems ring:

Christ is born in Bethlehem!

ELEGY ON REV. WM. DOLLARD.

[Died at Brewer, Maine, U.S.A., Aug. 20th, 1907.]

The land was light with summer haze,
The rivers flashed beneath the sun,
And in the summer of his days
The Master saw his work well done.

Ere yet his years began to pall,
Or age had touched with finger sere,
Or ere the dying leaves could fall
From the sad trees, upon his bier.

There by his rivers of the north,
He rested, weary of the strife,
'Mid sorrowing hearts that knew his worth
And prized the God-gift of his life.

Athwart the watches of the night,
His faithful people wept and prayed;
The children thronged with morning light
Round their dead shepherd, unafraid.

They laid him in his hallowed grave,
His friends, the noble priests of Maine,
Bequeathing to the God that gave
The kingly heart, the peerless brain.

Praying that Jesus mercy give,
And Mary, whom he loved, be nigh,
That so his soul for aye might live,
Joy-blest beyond the furthest sky.

TRUE MANHOOD.

God's aid and grace will never fail,
Sir Galahad of the Holy Grail:
For that his heart is chaste and pure,
Before his glance shall foemen quail!

'Alert, his soul all baseness spurns,
God's love a fire within it burns!
Where sunlit summits distant shine,
His chastened eye forever turns!

Alike Fame's guerdon he disdains.
And sordid pelf and paltry gains,
And Pleasure's cup whose wreathed flow'rs
Hide poison-thorns and endless pains!

Gross chains of Sense away he flings.
And mounts to taste ethereal springs,
In lands whose sun is God's own Face!
Whose stars, the angels' shimmering wings.

Bright flow'rets on a fragrant lea,—
Fair sunsets on a sun-kissed sea,
The brook's glad song,—the laughter sweet,
Of childish play:—these symbols be.

Of that triumphant, blissful state,
Whose joys his steadfast soul await;
Where purest worth finds recompense
Beyond the skies' cerulean gate!

THE DEAD PRIEST.

They found him in his chamber, dead,
As resting in a sleep profound,
No more that weary voice would sound,
Bearing to men its message dread!

Of heaven and hell, and right and wrong—
Nor e'er by him, the hearts that fail
Would strengthened be, nor spirits frail
Go forward, cheered, to battle strong.

Those wearied feet no more would pass
To cots where suffering brooded most,
Nor those cold hands upraise the Host
In the hushed rev'rence of the Mass!

They found him in his chamber, dead,
And round his fingers close entwined,
His beads, mute witness that his mind
Sought heaven, when came the summons dread!

So in the House of God at last
The wearied worker hath found rest,
Where sound the angels' anthems blest,
And earth's dark fantasies are past.

THE PASSING OF THE KNIGHTS.

The Knights are gone who graced the Table Round
In Camelot of old. Their great King's eyes
No more burn deep to watch them at the feast
In gentle brotherhood; or at the joust
To see their plumes sweep level to the shock
Of warlike tourney when the lists were free,
And Launcelot, Galahad, and good Sir Bors
Their adversaries o'erbore.

The Knights are gone
To seek the Holy Grail, and many a sun
Shall tinge the purple west ere they return;
For far o'er hill and valley must they ride
O'er noisome fens, and quaking marshes drear;
Through fogs that roll along the lonesome wold;
In peril of dragons and of giants grim.

The Knights are gone and none shall find the Grail,
But Galahad, who has the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure.

Their grosser souls
Dragged back by chains of sense could never rise
To visualize the purity of God.

The Knight are dead; their banners in the dust;
The rust hath eaten up their fiery swords,
And now by Camelot or Caerlion
The highway knows no more their gallant pride!

Ah, Jesu sweet, have mercy on them all!
And for their souls were great and generous,
And they were loyal children of Thy Church,
Oh, call them all to feast with Thee in heaven
In the blest circle of Thy Table Round.

THE BALLAD OF SUDDEN DEATH.

I walked in dream one sunless day,
A desolate and dreary shore,
Deep-worn channels marked the way
Where ancient torrents rushed of yore!

Through hoary trees the winds made moan,
On rugged rocks a wild sea roared,
When sudden on my path was shown
A dreadful Phantom with a sword!

Then cried I, while my heart in fear
Beat in my breast like muffled drum,
"Dread Spirit, speak!" and quaking near
I heard this awful answer come:

"The Wraith of Sudden Death am I,
Of midnight shriek and harsh alarm,
To scenes of woe and blood I fly,
And work frail mortals endless harm.

"I whelm the frightened miners deep
In charnel vaults that hold them fast,
The earthquake's fury roused I keep,
And towns and cities low are cast.

"I hover o'er the shaken ships,
The wave and wind to rage I stir,
I lead them where the rock-reef rips,
And the lean sharks expectant purr!

"I follow far the racing train,
The train that cannot race with me;
Like lightning I recross the plain,
Seeking my prey on land and sea.

"The engine from the giddy ridge,
I hurl into the flood below;
I hear the shrieks beneath the bridge,
And laugh in glee, a loud 'ho, ho!'

"I bid the mad tornado rise,
I fan the hot Sirocco's breath,
And the red levin of the skies,
Obeys the Wraith of Sudden Death!"

Thus spoke the Phantom and was gone,
Fast fading in the misty air,
'And in that weary waste, alone,
I knelt me down in anguished prayer.

And cried, "O Christ, so mild and meek,
Save us—save all from such dread doom,
Make us the paths of virtue seek,
That lead us joyful to the tomb!"

"Let no black fears our ending pall,
Nor woe, nor strife, nor sin abound,
But waiting for the Saviour's call,
Our souls with lamps alight be found!"

THE HOLY GRAIL.

Lo, I have seen the Holy Grail,
The sight that made strong faces pale.

Not on the height of Montsalvat,
Or on the Hill where Christ has sat.

Nor on the wind-swept wold afar,
Where march-lights glimmer like a star!

Nor on the mountain-cliffs that soar,
Where chasms yawn and torrents roar!

Nor yet along the misty seas,
Nor where the forest's myriad trees

Quiver and groan beneath the gale,
While the cold planets flash and pale.

The Holy Grail—the Blood of God
I saw not where the heathen trod;

But at the altar daily nigh,
When the blest cup is raised on high,

In the priest's hands, 'neath mystic veil,
Flushes and throbs the Holy Grail!

KING ARTHUR TO SIR BEDIVERE.

My life-blood laps this wound full sore,
So bear me to the mere's dim shore,
From war's red striving evermore,
To Death's repose I fly.
Upon the funeral barge my place,
Where spirits of my warrior race
Shall give me comforting and grace,
And bear my soul on high.

Fierce was the fight and wild the din,
Now Christ absolve us all from sin,
I feel death's cold my brain within,
Where entered Mordred's spear.
The brand Excalibur swift take
And fling it far into the lake,
I weaken and my wound doth ache,
Make haste, bold Bedivere!

The barge moves out, the spirits moan,
I go afar to greet mine own,
In verdant-valed Avilion!

O friend so tried and true!
Pray for my soul both night and day,
That all my sins be washed away;
I shall not fail in heaven's bright ray
To pray and wait for you.

LALEMENT.

Apostle of the Huron lands,
With body frail, but spirit strong,
Hail, martyred Gabriel Lalement
In heaven among the red-robed bands!

Ihonatiria's broken shore,
St. Mary's and Ossossanee,
In sad remembrance speak of thee,
Dear purchased by thy blood of yore!

The Wye that rolls by meadows green,
Now hears the locomotive's scream,
And on its full and eddying stream,
The Black-Robe's boat no more is seen!

Yet when the storm careers along,
The lonely woods make loud acclaim,
Their thousand voices shout the name,
And fame of Gabriel Lalement!

THE GRAVE OF THE LEAVES.

Down from their airy perches
The leaves of autumn whirl,
To meet the death that searches,
Where eddying wind-waves swirl.
"Farewell the summer's laughter!
We dare not linger after—
'Neath winter's gusty rafter
We seek a snowy grave!

"Beneath a shroud of whiteness,
Contented we shall lie,
Nor winter's ghastly brightness
Shall draw from us a sigh.
Our dreams of roses blowing,
And summer streamlets flowing,
While over us unknowing,
The icy tempests rave!"

THE DOOM OF HURONIA.

The forest glades are filled with fear,
Huronian!
The Iroquois are hovering near,
Huronian!
They come with message stern and dread:—
Grim massacre and vengeance red!
Thy villages shall choke with dead!
Huronian!

Arouse thy bravest and thy best,
Huronian!

Now is thy hour's supremest test,
Huronian!

Hark to that wild and savage yell,
Stark discords like the roar of hell,
Round St. Ignatius' stockades swell,
Huronian!

Now strike for homes and altars too,
Huronian!

Brave are thy bands, but all too few,
Huronian!

Soon are thy guarding walls laid low,
And whelmed in the general woe,
Thy Black-Robe friends to torture go,
Huronian!

Thy day is done, thy sun is set,
Huronian!

And pale thy glories lingering yet,
Huronian!

But Ondistana's mounded Isle,
And Christian's shores that wanly smile,
Shall guard thy broken tribes awhile,
Huronian!

NATURE'S BOOK.

Come from the city's crowds,
Come for a while with me,
From the din and the toil,
And the loud turmoil
Of Life's ever-troubled sea.

Come, and we'll seek the shade
Of the lone and lordly trees,
In some rustic dell,
Where the wild flowers tell
Sweet tales to the whisp'ring breeze.

Let us walk by the rippling stream,
And cast from our hearts all care,
As we bless that God
Whom the forest nod
And the meads and the flow'rets fair.

Whose power made the mountains vast,
And the heavenly vault so grand;
And the thund'ring sea
That tumultuously
Sweeps into the welcoming land.

Let us breathe of the pure-blown air,
And list to the wild bird's note,
And the brook's glad song
As it wanders along
Where the water-lilies float!

Let us look into Nature's book,
And glean for ourselves a store,
Of the wisdom meet,
To direct our feet,
In the path to the Golden Shore.

Then we'll back to our tasks with joy,
And we'll trust in His goodness more,
Whom the rustling trees,
And the whisp'ring breeze,
And the streamlet's voice adore.

CHRISTMAS LYRIC.

Come and adore! For lo! the Saviour's Star,
Glads with its lustre the Judean skies!
Hearken the spirit-hymns, that swell afar
O'er Mamrez' plain, whose 'wakening flocks arise!
Now are the Prophets' rhapsodies fulfilled,
High heaven and earth alike with wondering joy are
thrilled.

Come and adore! From Shechem's stony street,
By Kedron's torrent see the Magi go,
Dust of the desert on their camels' feet,
Weary their bodies, but their souls aglow.
"For we have seen His Star-sign in the East,
Soon on the God-Child's face our longing eyes shall
feast."

Ye drowsy shepherds by Gibeah's slopes,
Wake to the glory of this mystic night;
Now is the crowning of your dreams and hopes;
Lo! above Gedor's peak the flaming light!
Glad vision!—hear the seraph-anthems ring,
"Peace on the earth to men; Glory to heaven's King."

On Lebanon, low bow the cedars' heads,
To greet the new-born Saviour-Child below!

Rich Gilead's grove its precious balsam sheds,
And Siloa's wavelets warble as they flow!
Come and adore! When Nature utters praise,
Let man his accents too in rapturous measures raise.

Come and adore!—ye faithful ones of God,
In Galilee and wide Samaritan land,
And you, ye Gentiles, where the palm trees nod,
By Indus' shore and scented Samarcand;
Ye, too, where Roman palaces upraise,
Or bellowing billows lash the stern Hesperides!

High Mystery of Love: in awe we bow,
Here in the stable at an Infant's feet!
Vouchsafe, O Lord, that as we worship now
In vigil with Thy Mother mild and sweet,
Strength we may find and solace on our way—
Led by Thy burning Star—to Heaven's Eternal Day!

A LULLABY.

Sleep! Oh, sleep!
For the crooning winds are still,
Dreamily the solemn moon,
Gazes o'er the haunted hill,
Fairy bands to muffled music roam the heather now
at will.

Rest! Oh, rest!
Now the way-side blossoms close,
Quiet now the perfumed dell,
Where the sweet wood-bine grows,
Silent now the slumbrous glen where the sleepy river
flows.

Rest and dream
Of a Realm glad and free,
Where bright seraph-pinions gleam,
And God's Chosen ever see,
The mysteries of happiness that in the Presence be.

Sleep and dream,
Life is troublous here below,
And the bitterness and pain,
All too soon thy soul shall know.
Rest! the spotless flowers slumber and the drowsy
rivers flow!

SPIRIT VOICES.

The soul is haunted manifold, and thoughts
Thro' its oft-opened doors steal in and out,
And shadowy faces come, and forms forgot,
And whispers of the absent and remote;
But chiefly voices from the Spirit-world
In the weird night and still, when our sad hearts
'Are bowed with sorrow; even in clearest day,
Mid sounds of hurrying feet, when wondering friends
Our answering wait, and cheerful tones resound!

No marvel this:—the spiritual Soul
Seeks union with th' invisible, and here
Pines as an eagle chained unto a rock,
That eagerly looks up into the Sun,
And tugs his chain, impatient to be free.

And so bright sister-spirits sent of heaven,
Fond hover as they whisper mystic words
Of wonder-regions where no earth doth clog
Nor pain the soul encumber,—but in power
She soars her destined heights, resplendent all!
'And truths stupendous—ere'whiles mysteries
Embraces facile—steeped in living joy,
Near Him the Source of all Beatitude!

LAKES OF THE NORTH.

Lakes of the North, flash out in sheen,
Of silver and engirdling green,
White birch and fragrant tamarac,
Your myriad beauties vainly screen.

Lakes of the North, how quaintly ring
Those native sounds—Temiskaming,
Temagami of jewelled sands,
And deeply mirrored Couchiching!

Blue spaces of the happy sky,
Reflected in your waters lie,
When in the hush of cloudless day,
The fretful loon makes eldritch cry!

God's artist free—the autumn air,
The shore-line touches here and there,
Till deep with gold and rubies set,
The bright wave burns—a crystal rare.

Lakes of the North, though winter close
Your death-cold lips in mute repose,
Not all his icy breath can chill,
The glow your lover's bosom knows.

THE NIAGARA GORGE.

Had Dante ever seen this prodigy,
This monstrous monument of Nature's wrath,
Then had he found new terrors to surround,
The entrance to Inferno. At the gate
A power invisible becomes our guide,
And our smooth car swings into the Abime.

The evening shades have fallen and a cloud,
Huge, threatening, and amorphous settles down,
Bridging the gulf. Lo! now assails our ears,
The hissing tumult of the floods that dash,
Writhing in agony 'twixt iron walls,
O'er rude and torturous beds!

The uproar grows,
And the pent waters churning into foam,
Round adamant boulders, scream aloud,
Till maddened past all bound, they end the note
In maniac glee!

Above and all about,
Colossal cliffs their lithic brows uplift,
To the grim skies, and horror reigns supreme!
"Release!" "Release!" the torn waves howl beneath—
"Give us release!"—and the harsh cliffs reply,
With mocking echoes—their eroded breasts,
Gargantuan laughter shakes.

And now our car
Leaves the dread scene, and up the wall's sheer side,
Climbs, groaning with vast effort, till we view,
From perilous height the black gulf far below,
And quake to ponder plunging down so steep,
To dire destruction!

All at once there opes
A rocky portal, and we breathe relief,
For, lo! the streets, the windows, and the lights!
The newsboys' cries,—the clatter of the town!

THE HYMN OF THE STARS OF MORNING.

God made the earth in its beauty—the land and the
limitless seas,
The arching domes of heaven with their infinite
mysteries.
He guideth the ponderous worlds that wheel thro'
boundless space,
The blazing suns that light them, He holdeth to their
place.
With sword of the sudden lightning He cleaves the
ether through,
The rock-ribbed hills with thunder, He thrills and
thrills anew!
When bellowing seas in anger buffet the wreck-strewn
shore,
His war-steeds are the billows that prance His hosts
before!
With gentler tones His greatness earth's kinder moods
proclaim,
Green field and soft-voiced streamlet speak praise
unto His Name.
The incense of the flowers, the zephyr amid the leaves,
The shimmer of golden corn aripe for the harvest
sheaves.

Spake the Lord unto David, His chosen singer of old,
 "See the works of My power—the earth and the
 heavens unrolled..

"Lo, the wonders about thee, the stars that flash on
 high,
 The sun and the moon, My beacons, to light the em-
 bracing sky.

"Sing for My praise and homage a canticle to these,
 A hymn of the beauty of earth and the thunder of
 the seas!

"A chant of the firm-based hills that sentinel stand for
 aye,
 Of the sun-blessed fields and flowers that bask in
 smiling day!

"Sing of the soul of man in sombre or joyful mood,
 The Lord, not man, is Judge, if the singer's work be
 good."

'And ever the poet adoring chants of the gifts of God
 (The mountains quake to His whisper—the spheres
 obey His nod).

Bounty and love and goodness in stream and field and
 flower,
 His wrath in the rushing storm, in the pathless seas
 His power.

God's kingdom in His creatures—God's reign in the
 soul of man,
 The hymn of the stars of morning out-poured ere
 the earth began.

PRESS NOTICES

FATHER DOLLARD'S POEMS

The *Boston Pilot* says:—

"Poets of other race and faith than his, as Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts, have acknowledged the spell of the passion and pathos of our poet; and the sternest critics have conceded the immediate charm and permanent value of his work.

"He takes the place of Father Abram J. Ryan, that other poet-priest of Irish blood, whose inspirations, 'drawn from 'the Holy of Holies' of the human heart, have made his poetry dear to all the people, irrespective of race lines or creed."

The *Dublin Irish People* says:—

"The writings—both prose and verse—of Father Dollard who, if we mistake not, first saw the light under the shadows of Sliav-na-mon, the mountain which he has immortalized, are famous for their extraordinary richness and originality; they breathe the true soul of poetry and patriotism, and their crooning tenderness and martial vigor have often moved the heart and nerved the arm of many an emigrant Gael in the land beyond the seas."

The *New York Irish World* says:—

"Father Dollard's power as a writer of stirring Irish ballads and lyrics is known wherever the Irish race is scattered. He voices at once the heart cry of the Shan Van Vocht wailing for her children that have fled, and the pathetic longing and yearning of these exiled hearts towards their own loved land of misty vale and sunbright mountain slope. As Mr. O'Brien in the preface puts it, 'the influence of his verse is true and holy as that of the Angelus bell which holds Millet's peasants in its spell.'"

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE in *The Boston Book Culture* says:—

"Father Dollard's ballads have all the fire and dash of Kipling's with a firmer poetic touch."

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., says:—

"Irish priests with the gifts of Canon Sheehan and Father Dollard in their several kinds can do more to revive the power of the poet in its ancient Greek sense than the most misty-minded of the dilettanti who arrogate to themselves the credit of what is called the 'Gaelic Revival.' They are indeed makers and teachers, and their books leave us with cheerfuller belief in our kind."

The *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana, says:—

"It will interest many people to learn that a collection of ballads by the Rev. James B. Dollard has just been published by Richard G. Badger & Co. Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., contributes a preface, in which he refers to the author as 'the best living representative of the poetic spirit whose dash and fire gave a touch of inspiration to Young Ireland ballad-writers.' Father Dollard is not altogether a stranger to readers of the *Ave Maria*. His new book is poetically entitled 'Irish Mist and Sunshine.'"

DR. THOMAS O'HAGAN in his *Canadian Essays* says:—

"I have no hesitation in pronouncing Father Dollard the best writer of Irish ballad poetry now living."

